

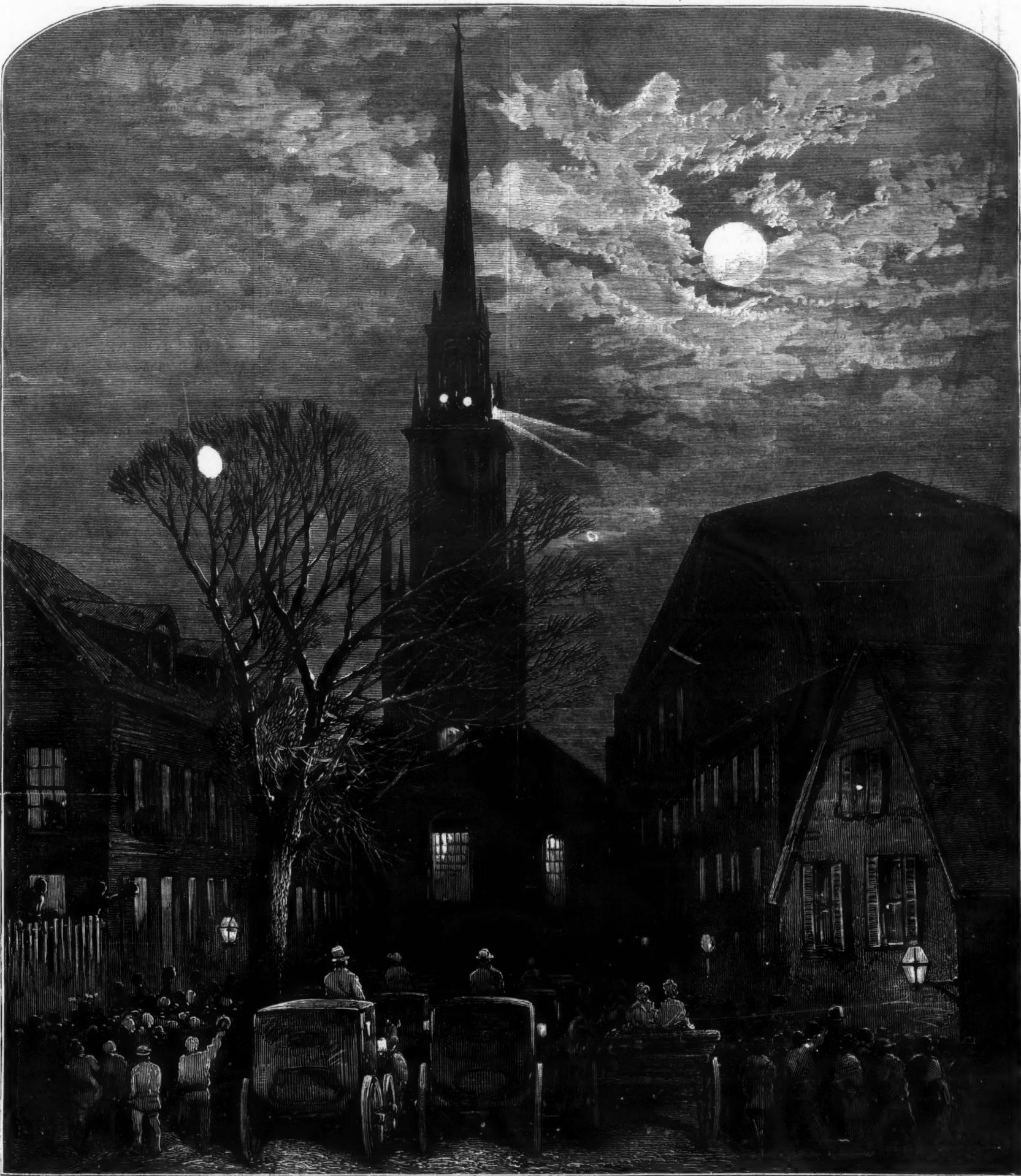
FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
NEWSPAPER

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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE OLD NORTH CHURCH AT BOSTON—SAMUEL P. NEWMAN, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 18TH, 1875, HANGING OUT LANTERNS IN THE Belfry WHERE HIS FATHER, ROBERT NEWMAN, THE SIXTON, DISPLAYED LIGHTS SIGNALLING THE MARCH OF THE BRITISH, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—SKETCHED BY L. HOLLIS.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLES OF CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.—SEE PAGE 108.

FRANK LESLIE'S

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1875.

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## CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATIONS.

THAT golden-mouthed orator of Massachusetts, the late Rufus Choate, was often tempted to lift up his voice in lamentation over the poverty of our country in national holidays and patriotic festivities. We have, it is true, no feasts of the Passover, or of the Tabernacles, or of the Commemoration, like those which joined the days of the Hebrew Calendar into a sort of "natural piety," owned and professed by all the tribes of Israel. We have no Panathenaic festival like that which every four years, with each recurring Olympiad, turned the city of Athens into "the School of Greece," with its torch-race, its gymnastic games, its musical contests, its gorgeous religious processions, and its patriotic songs in praise of Harmodius and Aristogiton. And because we lacked these Red-letter Days in our popular annals, Mr. Choate was wont to pray for the advent of some American Walter Scott with the genius and skill to indite "a series of North American or New England Waverley Novels," to serve as "valuable auxiliaries to the authoritative written history of New England and North America." In this way he hoped that the thousand tongues of the press, cleared far than the silver trumpet of the Jubilee among the Israelites, and louder far than the voice of the herald at the games in Greece, might speak to the whole people of America concerning "those things which pertain at least to their temporal and national salvation."

If the lot of Mr. Choate had been cast in our times it is hardly likely that he would have bemoaned the dearth of popular traditions or of commemorative rites among us in the year of grace 1875. After a desultory fire of Boston Tea Parties and of Martha Washington Masquerades, running through the greater part of the last twelve months, our whole country has finally wheeled into the grand centennial orbit of its wonderful history, and in this orbit it is destined for seven years to retrace the brilliant ecliptic marked by its early path among the fixed stars of our Revolutionary firmament. In this firmament the constellation of Massachusetts serves as the signal-point of a great historic movement, not only because she was a star of the first magnitude in our Revolutionary period, but also because the light of battle, which "shines in the sudden making of splendid names," was destined first of all to shed its imperishable lustre on the face of her sons at Lexington and Concord. And so it is from Lexington and Concord that our Centennial Iliad takes the first step of its epic march.

It must be conceded, we think, that these commemorative services have not fallen below the dignity of the great occasion which they are designed to celebrate. Through the vista of a hundred years we can now survey the words and works of our Revolutionary sires in a perspective which lends a deeper sagacity to the one and a higher heroism to the other. For it is no derogation either to their acumen or their valor that, in laying the foundations of a great Republic in the West, and in cementing it with their

blood, they "builded wiser than they knew." Cromwell used to say that a man was never so great as when, in obedience to a principle, he strode out boldly into the darkness of a terrible contest, without knowing what would be the issue of it. It is this highest order of mental greatness and of moral intrepidity which finds in the men of our Revolutionary era the choicest specimens and the noblest exemplars. As Mr. Webster has well said, "they went to war against a preamble and fought seven years against a declaration," not because they were driven to desperation by the sharpness of their oppressions, but because they saw in the unjust claim of the British Parliament "a seminal principle of mischief," and because they believed that in placing their hereditary rights as Englishmen under the patronage of the God of Battles they would be girded with a power from on High superior to that of an empire which "had dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, and whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circled the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The men of the Revolution, especially the men of Massachusetts, were men of giant faith as well as of giant courage. Rather let us say that their courage was unflinching because their faith in God and in the moral order of the world was unwavering. It was fitting, then, that the memorial services at Lexington and Concord should have begun with "the religious aspects" of the momentous questions which stirred in the "homespun breasts" of the plain Middlesex farmers who on the eve of April 19th, 1775, sent their pastor, Jonas Clark, to confer with Samuel Adams and John Hancock on the impending duties of that eventful morrow which was to usher in the shouts of battle and the shock of arms, not for themselves alone, but for the whole American continent; and not for this continent alone, but for the whole world, wherever human rights have a champion and freedom a votary. And it is no more than justice to say that Dr. Adams, in interpreting for the men of this generation the Christian philosophy written for our admonition in the old red sandstone of the Puritan period, seems to have read aright the religious wisdom which prompted the action of our stern-souled fathers, as Dr. Storrs, in his magnificent address, delivered a few days earlier before the New York Historical Society in celebration of its seventieth anniversary, may be said to have laid bare, with a masterly hand, the sources of that "early American spirit" which Burke so skillfully analyzed before him in the eloquent but vain appeal addressed to the British House of Commons on the 22d of March, in the year 1775.

The oration of Mr. Richard H. Dana, at Lexington, and of Mr. George William Curtis, at Concord, on the 19th of April, are equally admirable for matter and for manner, combining in just proportion historic reminiscences with the pertinent lessons of that philosophy which teaches by example. For each of the speakers, in rising to the height of his great argument, seems to have been endowed with that large discourse which looks before as well as after, seeking, as he does, to discern the patriotic duties of the present and of the future, side by side with the paens read from the pages of the past. And in this spirit it is that Mr. Curtis warns us against the centralizing tendencies which are now laying "a strain along the very fibres of our free institutions," and that Mr. Dana points a pregnant moral against the destruction of that municipal liberty which has been recently put in so much jeopardy by the radical reconstructions of our own Congress, and the military encroachments of our own Executive—innovations compared with which the aggressions of the British Parliament in 1775 were mild and venial, as the actual sufferings visited on the people of Boston in the pre-Revolutionary era were light compared with the woes which have been laid on the people of South Carolina and Louisiana under a nominally republican government.

It is to be hoped that these continual commemorations will not spend their force in idle and self-accusing jubilations over the virtue and valor of our ancestors. "Of illustrious men," says Thucydides, "the whole world is the sepulchre;" but there are some spots on the earth's surface which have been specially consecrated in the memories of mankind by the holy chrism they have received from the blood of patriots, martyrs and confessors. It is to these hallowed spots—the Leuctras and Marathons of Greece, the Lexingtons and Concords of America—that our latest posterity shall look with a reverential eye, as containing in their very dust something more than the cenotaphs of the mighty dead "who shall rule our spirits from their urns." And vainly shall we build anew the sepulchres of our fathers and restore the fading inscriptions on their monuments if the contemplation of so much heroism and virtue shall fail to kindle in our breasts the sparks of kindred excellence.

## THE EMPEROR AND THE KING AT VENICE.

NOT unnaturally, considerable importance is attached to the recent meeting at Venice of the Emperor Francis Joseph of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Victor Emmanuel, King

of Italy. Usually it is found that such meetings have a political significance; and not unfrequently in the past they have been fruitful in consequences which have seriously affected the welfare of communities and given a new direction to the current of human history. Several circumstances lifted this meeting out of the category of ordinary events, giving it quite an exceptional importance. It was the first meeting of the two monarchs since the late wars, which humbled the House of Hapsburg, and which placed the House of Savoy in the front rank of the royal families of Europe. It was held in Venice, an ancient dependency of the Austrian Caesars, but now recognizing the authority of the Italian King. For many reasons it did seem as if the place of meeting was badly chosen. Venice could not but suggest to Francis Joseph painful thoughts. Sadova with all its memories must have been vividly recalled. But for that dark and unfortunate day, Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, might still have been his—the situation being entirely reversed, he that day being the host instead of the guest. It would be absurd, however, to suppose that the place of meeting was selected for the purpose of giving relief to the one monarch and shade to the other; and in the minds of the thinking and reflecting public, Francis Joseph has lost nothing by frankly accepting the situation and willingly bowing to the inevitable.

In certain other respects, Venice, it must be admitted, offered many advantages for such a meeting. It was easy of access to the Austrian monarch and it did not necessitate an extended tour through Italian territory. This, however, was not all. It was intended that the occasion should be made memorable in history. The demonstrations and festivities were to be on a scale of unparalleled magnificence and splendor; and Venice, of all the cities of Europe, was perhaps best adapted for such a display. It is but fair to say that the intentions of the Italian monarch were fully and successfully carried out. The reality, if we may credit the glowing reports of some of the newspapers, did not fall short of the high expectations which had been formed of the day. The ancient City of the Doges shone as she never did shine in the palmiest days of her own glorious past. It recalled the glowing imagery of the Apocalypse; and the bewildered and delighted spectators thought of that New Jerusalem that city of pure gold like unto a sea of glass, whose walls are of jasper and whose foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones. And as the royal barge containing the two monarchs floated past amid the cheers of the countless thousands, men thought of that immortal picture sketched by the great dramatist, and in fancy seemed to see that "barge" which "like a burnished throne burned on the water." It was a great day for Venice. Never in all the past did she more gracefully carry her honors as Queen of the Adriatic. For the sake of the mere spectacular display, apart altogether from its political significance, the day and the occasion will long be remembered.

We have already said that to such meetings ordinarily much importance is attached. We have not forgotten how much political significance was attached to such meetings in the days of the late Emperor of the French, and how frequently it was found that, while apparently only exchanging courtesies, monarchs and statesmen were in reality conspiring against the peace and independence of nations. That this last meeting is to be regarded as of some political importance must at once be admitted. It shows that for the present at least there is no cause of quarrel between the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Governments. It may well, however, be doubted whether this meeting was held, and all this costly magnificence indulged in, merely for the purpose of giving expression to this friendly feeling. Other and deeper reasons, it may well be taken for granted, prompted the meeting of the two sovereigns. What these reasons were, of course we know not with any certainty. We know that the meeting created alarm in some quarters in Berlin. It was publicly stated that the Austrian monarch was courting a political alliance, and that this alliance, if it finally took shape as desired, would include Austro-Hungary, Italy and France. It has not since come to light whether this rumor was well or ill-founded, or whether any understanding was arrived at by the two monarchs. It is not difficult to understand why such an alliance should be deemed desirable by Francis Joseph. He knows that he holds his position in Germany, as ruler of the two Austrias, merely by sufferance of the German Prince Chancellor. He knows that unless some sudden and unexpected check is given to German ambition the Austrian States are doomed. They must become part of the consolidated empire. It would be vain for him to attempt to resist Germany alone and unaided. But backed up by France, who has a bitter wrong to avenge, and by Italy, who has a common cause as against a growing and aggressive Protestant Power, he might resist with some effect; nay, if Russia would stand aloof he might turn the tide of victory. That Francis Joseph should court such an alliance is, we say, most natural. That France should look upon such an alliance with favor we cannot doubt. It is questionable, however, whether the French people are in any haste to rush headlong into another costly and destructive war, no matter who the allies or

what the prospect of success; and, certainly, Italy has no sufficient reason at present to enter into an alliance against her recent benefactor. It is well, however, to keep the future full in view; and it will not be at all wonderful if arrangements were suggested, if not actually entered into, with a view to joint action in the event of possible contingencies.

It has also been said that the condition and prospects of the Holy See largely engaged the attention of the two monarchs. It is well known that Prince Bismarck is dissatisfied with the Italian guarantees. He does not think that they hold the Holy Father sufficiently in check. The Italian Government, he thinks, is to blame for the liberty the Pope enjoys. He would have the Pope under greater restraint; and, in order to this, he would have these guarantees reconsidered, and he would have the Italian Government hold itself responsible for the acts of the Holy Father. This is the only real difficulty now existing between Germany and Italy; but it would be so manifestly unjust to make war on Italy because the Pope fulminates from Italian territory, that we cannot consider the difficulty as either imminent or serious. It would not be wonderful, however, if Germany should ask Italy to reconsider these guarantees and endeavor in some way to restrain the influence of the Pope. How this is to be accomplished we know not; and how to silence the Holy Father will, we imagine, tax all the ingenuity of Prince Bismarck himself. In Malta or at Avignon he would be quite as free to thunder forth his anathemas as he is in Rome; and even his removal to New York would not prevent the publication of those encyclicals which are the special annoyance of the German Chancellor. It would, no doubt, be well for Austria and Italy, two of the greatest Catholic Powers, to come to some understanding about the future of the Holy See; and it is not at all impossible that at their late meeting this subject largely occupied their thoughts.

On all these questions, however, it is necessary for us, while we wait for fuller light, to speak with caution. The full import of this Royal and Imperial meeting, time will reveal. It may yet be found to have had a most important bearing on the present relations of the Great Powers and on the continuance of the world's peace.

## OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

WE are about to consider the yearly statistics of the exports and imports of the United States as throwing light on the state of business. Regarded from this point of view, we shall find that they afford interesting and important information. Let us first look at what is sometimes called the "balance of trade." In other words, let us see whether our exports pay for our imports. We have taken the period covered by the three calendar years, 1872, 1873 and 1874. We have considered the trade in merchandise only, and we have used in all cases the gold values. We find that in 1872 our imports exceeded our exports by the immense sum of \$187,126,751, an excess of imports greater than has ever happened before or since in the history of the commerce of the country. In 1873 the excess of imports fell to \$27,490,181, and in 1874 there was an excess of exports amounting to \$7,756,646. So far, then, as touches our indebtedness to foreign creditors, the result of our trade in 1874 is nearly two hundred million dollars more favorable to us than it was in 1872. The hard times have been of that much service to us.

Proceeding next to examine the imports, we find that the total value of the merchandise imported was \$655,964,699 in 1872, \$595,248,048 in 1873, and \$562,115,907 in 1874—a rapid decrease, aggregating nearly one hundred million dollars when compared with 1872. This decrease is partly the result of poverty, but mainly the effect of wholesome economy and retrenchment. The source both of the poverty and the economy is the crisis of 1873. How much is due to necessity and how much to choice in the reduction which has taken place in our imports? We are not without some indications on this point. Tea, coffee and sugar are three very important articles in our import trade. Nearly the whole quantity of these indispensable commodities consumed by our population is imported. If we were really "ground down" by poverty, the imports of these articles would show a decrease. Such, however, is not the fact. In 1872 we imported tea, coffee and brown sugar to the value of \$143,821,297, in 1873 to the value of \$147,507,247, and in 1874 to the value of \$154,457,944. The decrease in our imports has therefore not been in articles of necessity.

Take next the imports of drygoods, cottons, woolens, silks and linens. In the consumption of these there has been for two years past a great deal of economy, and no greater economy, perhaps, in the use of foreign articles than in those of domestic manufacture. We find that the total value of cotton, woolen, silk and linen goods imported into the country has decreased from \$147,992,743 in 1872, to \$126,265,396 in 1873, and still further to \$105,234,611 in 1874. The real decrease in consumption has not been so rapid as indicated by these figures, for two reasons. In the first place, the stocks in the warehouses and stores throughout the country are less than they

were two years ago, and in the second place, the capacity of our own manufacturing establishments is much greater than it was at the beginning of 1872.

Another class of articles which we used to import largely are the manufactures of iron and steel. Last year we imported these articles to the value of \$24,594,534; whereas in 1873 we imported them to the value of \$45,764,670, and in 1872 to the value of \$61,724,227. It is hardly possible that the value of our importations of iron and steel will ever again reach the large total of 1872, and it is not unlikely that in the course of a few years we may export iron and steel to Europe. Having touched on the principal articles imported, and accounted for the falling off in their aggregate value, we now turn to the exports.

The aggregate gold value of the exports of merchandise, including foreign goods re-exported, has increased from a total of \$468,837,948 in 1872, to \$567,757,867 in 1873, and \$569,872,553 in 1874. This increase is mainly due to the exports of breadstuffs and provisions. The currency value of the exports of these articles was \$151,601,076 in 1872; \$210,584,981 in 1873; \$221,541,416 in 1874. Only a few years ago the value of our exports of cotton used to be more than that of all our other exports combined; but last year it fell below that of the breadstuffs and provisions. The total currency value of the cotton exported was \$197,656,806 in 1872; \$221,738,746 in 1873, and \$215,572,420 in 1874. Cotton, therefore, is no longer king in our foreign commerce. The South has yielded to the superior numbers and activity of the West.

Under a system of taxation less oppressive to commerce than that falsely called "protective," it would not be many years before the manufactured goods of the Atlantic States would take high rank among our exports. Even now they are slowly growing in importance. For example, in 1872 we exported iron and steel to the value of \$10,030,125; in 1873 to the value of \$12,129,939, and in 1874 to the value of \$15,389,807. This, however, is not an infallible sign that we can compete with foreigners for the foreign market; but, under the circumstances, is rather to be regarded as indicating that our manufacturers, being unable to make sales at home, have, in some instances, consented to sacrifice their products to foreigners on the best attainable terms. But markets gained under such compulsion are often kept in better times.

#### GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING APRIL 24, 1875.

Monday....115 @ 115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> | Thursday....114<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> @ 115  
Tuesday....115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> @ 115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> | Friday....115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> @ 115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>  
Wednesday....114<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> @ 115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> | Saturday....115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> @ 115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOUTH CAROLINA, represented by Governor Chamberlain, clasped hands again with Massachusetts at the centennial banquet in Lexington.

MAJOR PITCAIRN, according to Mr. S. Irenaeus Prime, fired the first shot of the Revolutionary War. His pistols, "from the muzzle of one of which the first bullet fired in the American Revolution proceeded," were exhibited at Lexington on the 19th ult.

ELLIOTT C. COWDIN, delegated by the New York Chamber of Commerce to take part in the centennial celebration at Lexington, paid a handsome tribute to the memory of the American merchants who contributed so liberally and efficiently to the success of the Revolution.

JUNE 10TH, 1772, not April 19th, 1775, was the date of the first blow and the first blood of the American Revolution, according to the account of the capture and burning of the British vessel-of-war *Gaspée* in Narragansett Bay, given in "Arnold's History of Rhode Island."

CHARLES HUDSON's oration delivered on Lexington Common at the unveiling of statues of Samuel Adams and John Hancock appropriately enforced the lesson which the selection of the statues of two statesmen as well as two soldiers to decorate Memorial Hall indicates, that the civil and the military power are both essential to the preservation of the Republic.

THE PROPOSED ABATTOIR in Fifty-ninth Street, New York, was denounced by all the city papers as a prospective nuisance. This is right, and encouraging. The time may yet come when sanitary science shall have confirmed what the acute senses of Thoreau revealed to him—that by night every dwelling-house gives out bad air, like slaughterhouse. Then the dependence of health upon light and proper ventilation will be fully understood.

R. H. DANA, JR., thus devoutly closed his spirited oration on Lexington Common, at the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington: "God grant that, if a day of peril shall come, the people of this Republic, so favored, so numerous, so prosperous, so rich, so educated, so triumphant, may meet it—and we can ask no more—with as much of intelligence, self-control, self-devotion and fortitude as did the men of this place, in their fewness, simplicity and poverty, one hundred years ago!"

THE LETTER OF RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, Ex-Premier of England, which was read at the Lexington banquet in response to the toast, "England and the United States," was a valuable contribution to the literature of the centennial. Like all enlightened Englishmen of the present day—and, it may be added, like all those of even the day of the "insane king," George the Third—Mr. Glad-

stone regards the war which resulted in the attainment of independence by the United States of America as "one of the most instructive chapters of modern history."

IF KENTUCKY SHOULD celebrate all the centennial anniversaries of great events in its history this year, there would be quite a round of festivity. One hundred years ago Richard Henderson purchased from the Indians all Kentucky south of Kentucky River. One hundred years ago Daniel Boone surveyed the purchase for him. One hundred years ago Boone completed the fort at Boonsborough, in Madison County. One hundred years ago his wife and daughters came as the first women to Kentucky. One hundred years ago the first sermon was preached at the Big Spring, in Harrodsburg, Mercer County, Kentucky.

GEORGE B. LORING delivered an address in the Old North Church at Boston on the 100th anniversary of the hanging out of the signal-lanterns on the eve of the battles of Lexington and Concord. The orator said that "the feeble ray shed from this church-spire on the night of April 18th, 1775, shone not simply to warn the messengers of their duty towards the slumbering patriots along the road to Lexington and Concord, but it streamed across the land as a signal from revolutionary Boston to a people determined to be free. Already was the town fixed as the north star of freedom in the firmament of the heavens." This has the true Bostonian oratorical ring.

REV. DR. S. F. SMITH, the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," sung, and yet to be sung, by millions of voices, and of "Dearest Sister, thou hast Left Us," without which, and its manifold variations, the obituary columns of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Richmond *Dispatch*, and all other American newspapers, would look blank indeed, wrote an original hymn for the Lexington Centennial. Dr. Smith is one of "the boys" immortalized by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as a member of his famous class at Harvard. Dr. Holmes, strange to say, did not figure as an occasional poet either at Lexington or Concord. Perhaps he is reserving his forces for the Centennial at Philadelphia. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe gained nothing in poetical reputation by her verses entitled "April 19, 1875."

THE DISPROPORTION of numbers between officers and privates in the United States army should, according to the *Sun*, cause the eyes of the thoughtful taxpayer to open wide with astonishment. Of enlisted men [there are 25,189. Of commissioned officers there are 2,376. West Point is also hatching a new brood of 258 lieutenants. They will be out of their shells next June. The model army of the United States, therefore, presents the amazing proportion of less than eleven soldiers to each officer. Next June the proportion will be smaller. It will be nine soldiers and eight-tenths of a soldier to each officer. The *Sun* asserts that the only proper use we have for an army is to keep the Indians of the plains in subjection. The ten regiments of cavalry are ample for this. Artillery and infantry are not of the slightest value in the Indian country: for the savages are mounted, and invariably attack and retreat on horseback.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in his eloquent but long-winded oration at Concord, might have lauded the earlier immigrations to this country without flinging a superfluous slur upon the later immigrations which have swelled its population and in calculably added to its wealth and strength. One of the best passages in the discourse of Mr. Curtis was his admirable eulogy of "the town meeting, the nursery of American Independence." It is true that no other practicable human institution has been devised or conceived to secure the just ends of local government so felicitous as the town meeting. The early settlers were forced to govern themselves. They could not constantly refer and appeal to another authority twenty miles away through the woods. Home-rule became a practical necessity for them. "Thus each town was a little and perfect republic, as solitary and secluded in the New England wilderness as the Swiss cantons among the Alps."

GENERAL GEORGE S. BATCHELIER, of Saratoga, N. Y., who has received an appointment as one of the Judges of the new Supreme Court organized by the Khedive of Egypt, was born in Batchellerville, July 25th, 1837. He is a graduate of Harvard University, and received from the law-school of that institution the degree of LL.D. In 1858 he was admitted to the Bar, and in the Fall of the same year he was elected to the State Assembly. He entered the volunteer service at the opening of the war, and was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry. In 1863 he was exchanged, and held for over a year the position of Deputy Provost Marshal General in the Department of the South. In 1865 he was appointed Inspector-General on the staff of Governor Fenton, and served in that capacity four years. In the Fall of 1872 he was again elected to the Assembly, and did good service on several committees. He is a man of handsome figure, fine address, courteous manners and incessant study.

SCIENCE CAN DO MUCH for man if encouraged, when applied to those questions that directly interest him. In the line of breadstuffs alone, now subject to the ravages of the Colorado beetle, the grasshopper, the clinch-bug, the phylloxera, the blood-louse and other pests, science, when called to the aid of a thorough survey of each State and Territory, is capable of rendering inestimable good. It can inform the farmer of the origin of these pests, so that he may relieve his land of any generating qualities it may possess; it can determine the best destructive treatment, that, when the land, by the farmer's oversight in neglecting the first provision, becomes infested, it may be speedily rid of the insects; it can furnish data upon which the fullest crops may be secured without diminution, year after year, saving only injuries by climatic changes; and it can thus render itself one of the greatest influences in the development of natural resources. Our Agricultural Bureaus do not educate the farmer in the knowledge he most requires. Too much attention is given to big

squashes, and pigs, and horse-races, while the influences that produce good or bad crops remain to a certain extent unknown. Austria is far ahead of us in this particular, as it employs competent agricultural professors to travel over the Empire, and deliver lectures and give practical instruction to farmers upon topics of most vital interest to them, and through them to the country at large.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER is a hickory tree on the farm of William Harrison, near Thompson's Station, Tenn., which was struck by lightning in August last, and has been steadily burning since. The tree was about three feet in diameter, and had a straight body to a height of sixty feet. No one that has seen it doubts that it will still be burning when the first of next August shall have been ushered in, unless somebody shall try the experiment of putting out the fire with sweet milk. There is one thing very certain, it looks as though water will have no effect upon it whatever, for it has stood the rainstorms of last Fall, Winter and this Spring without any visible impression being made upon it at all. Mr. Harrison, seeing the tree was likely to burn up, after it had been burning some time, sent a negro to cut it down, as it was a valuable tree. The negro's story is that, while chopping, a live coal dropped on his coat and set it on fire. He used every means possible to put it out, without success. He even buried it in the branch under the water and mud, but it continued to burn until every vestige of the garment was consumed. Since that time you can't get a negro to go within a hundred yards of that tree.

VICTOR HUGO, ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS, says man was the problem of the eighteenth century; woman is the problem of the nineteenth. This problem must be solved, and he thinks it can be done by giving free equality before the law and society to that half of the human family that now demands it. This will be one of the grand glories of our grand century. But even he, with all his knowledge of men, their prejudices, whims and passions, gives only the abstract hint of what is necessary to accomplish the "grand glory." He does not give the percentage of the world's legislators who would favor this complete equality; he does not picture in his characteristically strong light a scene in which national, professional, political or a minor business is being prosecuted with an equal representation of men and women as principals; he does not invite his petitioners to an imaginary spectacle in the French Senate, where one-half the "immortals" are women, nor to the Assembly where women are passing judgment on the provisions of the new budget, the army bill, or concessions to the Press; he does not recognize Amazonian marshals of the troops, or admirals of the navy; neither does he don his chapeau to *madame l'avocat*. He might have alluded to the Commune, in which women were equal with men—equal in daring and deviltry, and equal on the field at Satory. No, M. Hugo, you tell us a reform is desirable, but you do not tell us how it may be secured and guaranteed.

COLUMBUS DELANO, Secretary of the Interior Department, is a native of Shoreham, Vt., and was admitted to the Bar in 1831, in Ohio. In 1844 he was elected a member of Congress, and three years later was a prominent candidate for Governor of the State. In 1850 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and in 1863 was again sent to the House of Representatives. He supported President Lincoln during the second campaign, being a member of the Baltimore Convention, as chairman of the Ohio Delegation. He was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress. In 1866 he attended the Loyalists' Convention at Philadelphia, and in 1868 was again sent to Congress. When President Grant made up his new Cabinet he offered Mr. Delano the Secretaryship of the Interior, a department that had special charge of the Indians. This position had been filled with much credit by General Cox, but he was too true a man, and too stanch a friend to Cuba, to suit his whimsical master, and his resignation was accepted with remarkable promptness. Under Mr. Delano's management the department had become a very sink of corruption, and the announcement that the President wished his resignation was a matter of no little surprise, as the Sphinx has said he would never lose a Cabinet officer through any attack that might be made by the press, or popular voice.

EVERY INTELLIGENT DISCUSSION on the subject of women's rights has received in this newspaper fair recognition. A practical plan for securing the rights demanded has been eagerly anticipated; but as yet none has been put forward. In order to study the latest suggestions, the lecture recently delivered in St. Louis, Mo., by Miss Susan B. Anthony, was carefully read. Miss Anthony spoke on "social purity," and appeared to confine her argument to the subjects of intemperance and prostitution, giving startling figures as a possible limit to each. As near as her idea of reform can be understood, she believes that the inception and continued existence of social purity is a matter of individual action alone, and in this she is correct. If one-half of our population endeavor to practice and inculcate this, and the other half won't be "lectured to," how then is the reform to be attained? The two evils have existed almost from the creation of the world, and will continue to some extent, until doom cracks. Upon the issues of woman suffrage, and woman equality with man in all social, public and political matters, our experience proves that the women who are fitted by strength of character, and natural and acquired accomplishments, to stand upon the same public level with men, are the very ones who declare the domestic sphere to be the proper one for their labor, and who would not participate in purely masculine duties, if the law gave them the right.

UNVAILING THE MINUTE-MAN'S STATUE at Concord gave Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American philosopher and poet, an opportunity to make a speech which dates an altogether new departure in American speech-making. Nothing could be further removed from the pyrotechnics of

Fourth-of-July oratory than the pure white light in which it distinctly revealed—a picture for all time—the facts of the "proud and tender story" commemorated by the statue. Expressions like these: "The sculptor has built no dome over his work, believing that blue sky makes the best background;" "It appears that the patriotism of the people was so hot that it melted the snow, and the rye waved on the 19th of April;" "He who will carry out the rule of right must often take his life in his hand;" and "The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon," are such as none but a poet of Emerson's calibre would have used to relieve his terse and compact historical narrative. Original and novel as they are, they will henceforth be commonplaces of literature wherever the English language is spoken and read. Moreover, the keynote of the sentiment towards our ancestors' British foes that ought to predominate in all future speeches to be delivered during the centennial jubilee upon which we have now entered was given by Emerson's laying the burden of responsibility for the war against the British colonies on "an insane King of England"—poor old George the Third. As events proved, even His Crazy Majesty was, under Divine Providence, our benefactor. Above all, the memorable speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord was distinguished by that brevity which is the soul of wit.

GEORGE A. WILLIAMS was born in Columbia County, N. Y., March 23d, 1823, and received an academic education in Onondaga County. Upon graduating he studied law, and in 1844 was admitted to the Bar. Almost immediately thereafter he moved into Iowa, and began the practice of his profession. Subsequently he took up his residence in Oregon. In 1853 President Pierce appointed him Chief-Justice of the Territory, a position to which he was reappointed four years later by President Buchanan. Under his second commission, he held the office but a short time, resigning it for the more active work of a counselor. In 1865 he entered the United States Senate for the usual term, and performed a variety of duties, being upon the Committees of the Judiciary, Claims, Private Land Claims, Finance, the Special Committee on the Rebellious States, and the National Committee that accompanied the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois. In 1871 he was appointed a member of the High Joint Commission for the consideration of the Alabama and the Fishery questions. When President Grant formed his second Cabinet, he appointed Senator Williams United States Attorney-General, to succeed Judge Hoar; and upon the death of Chief-Justice Chase the President nominated him for the vacancy. Recognizing no disposition on the part of the Senate to confirm the nomination, he withdrew Mr. Williams's name and sent in Caleb Cushing's. The famous Rebel Archives were searched, and statements found that were considered damaging to Mr. Cushing. His name, therefore, was withdrawn, and the President nominated Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, who was promptly confirmed. In his official decisions, Mr. Williams has been able to do what very few other lawyers could—always proclaiming the President's views on the political situation the correct ones.

WORDS IN SEASON are the following, suggested to the *Journal of Commerce* by the series of brilliant centennial celebrations which has just been commenced: "Every commemoration of the sufferings and triumphs shared by our ancestors, North and South, does something to bring back the charmed epoch of union and brotherhood. The people of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia will read with pleasure and pride the glorious reminiscences awakened at Lexington and Concord. But there is only one way in which the hearty co-operation of the South can be gained for the Exposition of 1876; and by the same means not merely that object, valuable in itself, will be attained, but the peace and harmony of the entire Union will be restored in the fullest measure. What is wanted now is the extension of universal amnesty to the South, and the abandonment of the hateful policy of military surveillance and domination in that section, and the full recognition of the right of sovereign States to govern themselves in all matters of local concern. Congress was guilty of shameful inconsistency which gave the national sanction to the Centennial Fair on the ground that it would be promotive of the peace and welfare of all the States and all the people, while, at the same time, the boon of 'amnesty, grace, and oblivion' was sternly denied to many of the leading men of the South whose misfortune it was to have taken part in the rebellion. Had a general amnesty been declared on the same day when the bill incorporating the Centennial Exposition became a law, we venture to say that the prospect of that undertaking would be much more promising than it now is. To the 4th Congress will belong the duty and honor of tendering the olive branch of general amnesty to our Southern brethren; and until this is done, the season of centennial observances upon which we have entered will fall far short of accomplishing the great result of bringing back the lost peace, happiness and prosperity of the Union."

#### OBITUARY RECORD.

APRIL 21ST.—At Roslyn, L. I., Joseph W. Moulton, historian and author of many standard legal works, aged 85.

" 22nd.—In New York city, John Harper, senior partner of the firm of Harper & Brothers, the well-known publishers, aged 78 years. At the age of eighteen he entered a printing office in this city, and shortly became a competent printer. In 1816, in connection with his brother, James Harper, he started the business house which has since become so prominent. James Harper, the eldest brother, and formerly Mayor of the city, died in 1869; Joseph Wesley, in February, 1870; and grief for the loss of his brothers caused John to absent himself almost entirely from the office, and thus the sons of the original Harper Brothers have become the active members of the firm.

" 23d.—At New York, by suicide, Captain Alan-Son P. St. John, Treasurer of the People's Line of Steamers to Albany, and from whom the elegant steamer *St. John* derived its name, aged about 75.

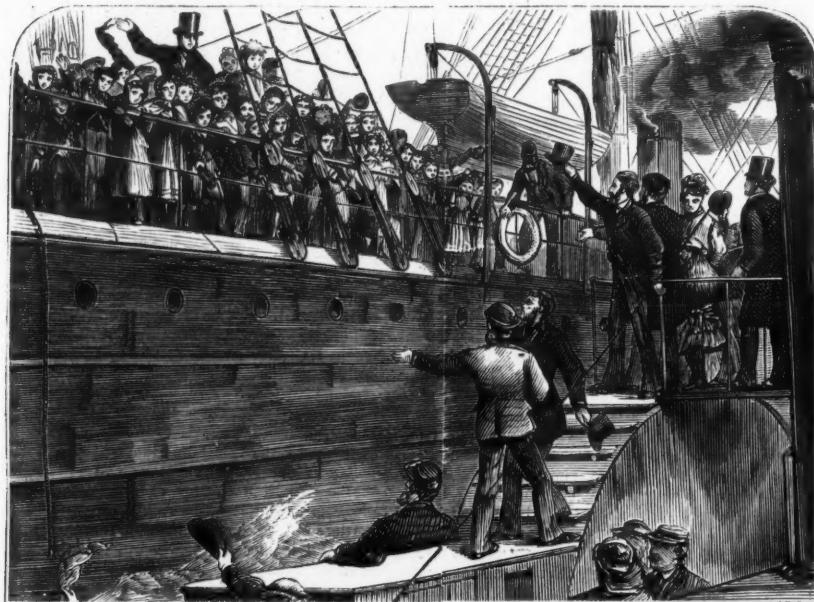
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 139.



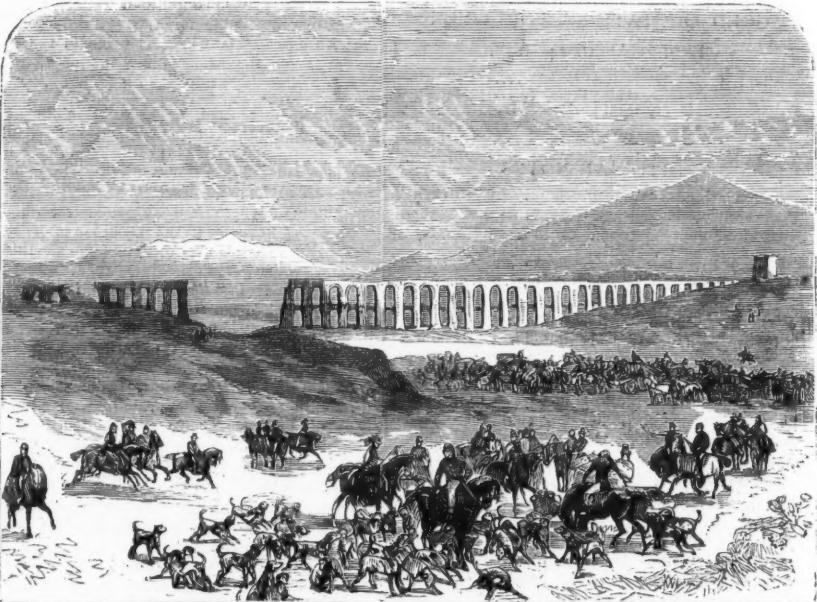
ITALY.—VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA TO THE KING OF ITALY AT VENICE—THE HOST AND HIS GUEST.



GERMANY.—BIRTHDAY RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT BERLIN—THE EMPEROR AND FIELD-MARSHAL WRANGEL.



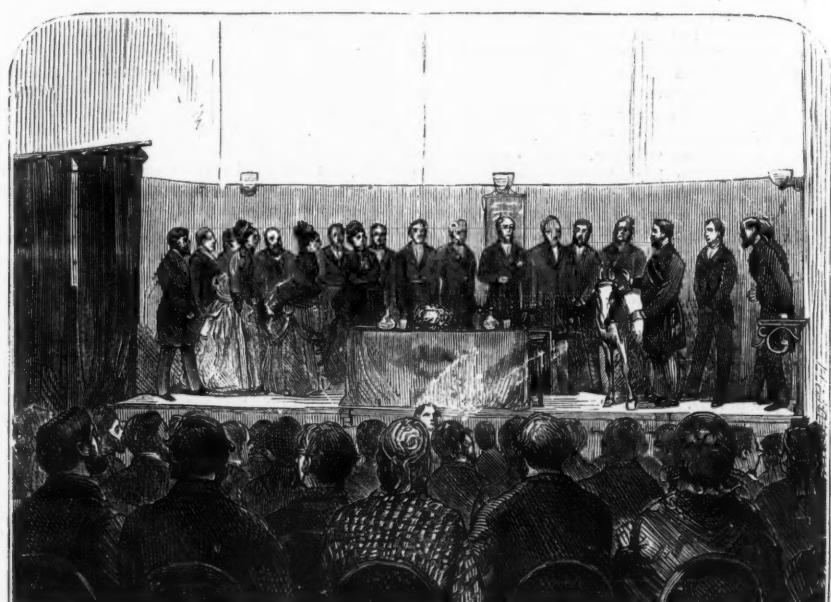
ENGLAND.—DEPARTURE OF THE CHILD-EMIGRANTS FROM LIVERPOOL FOR CANADA.



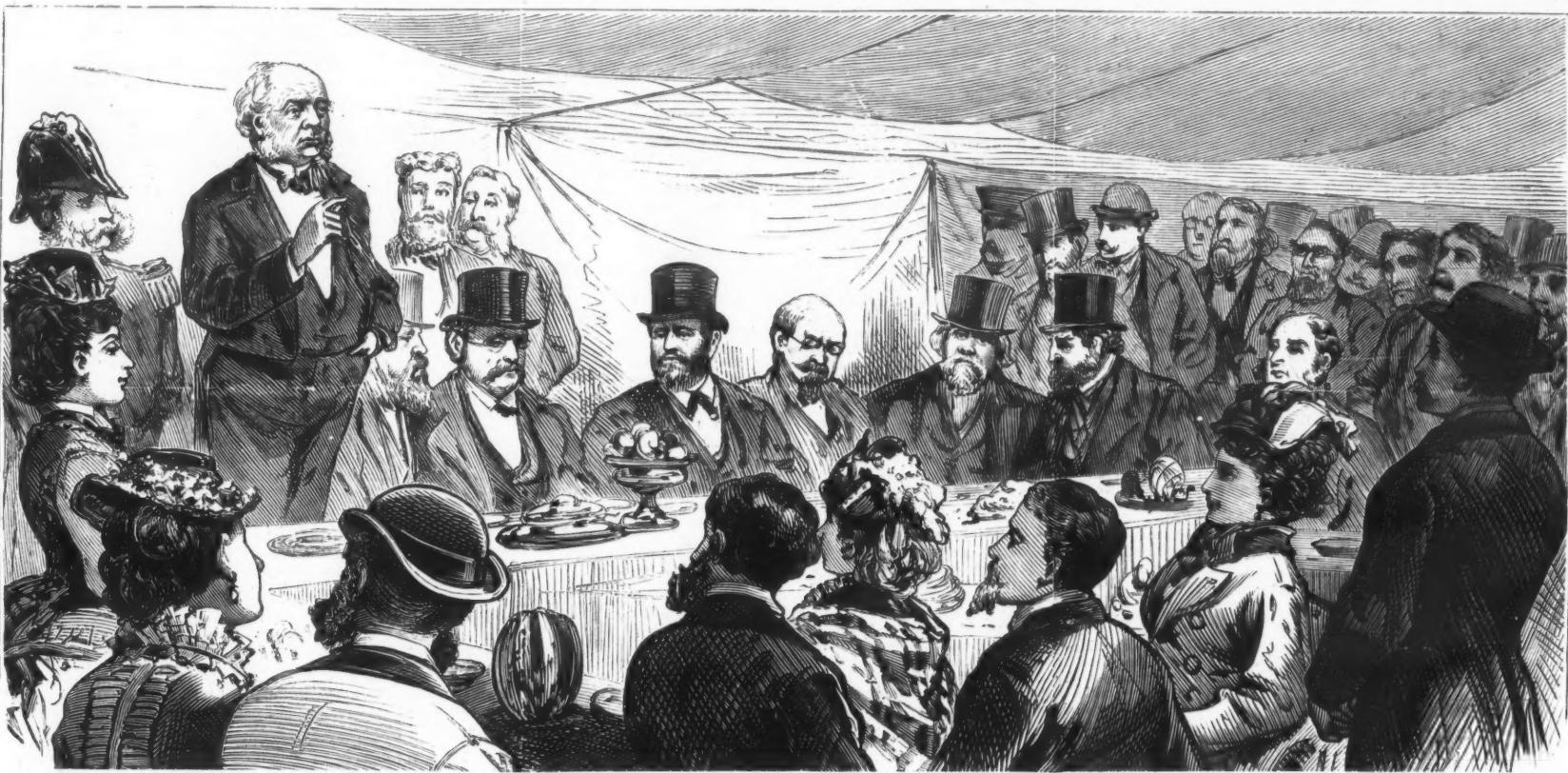
ITALY.—FOX-HUNTING IN THE CAMPAGNA—LAST MEET OF THE ROMAN HUNT.



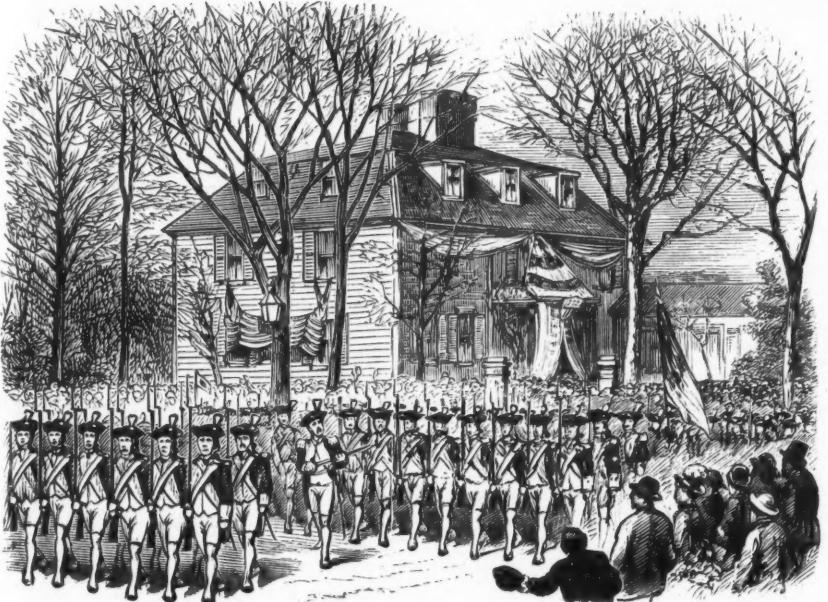
FRANCE.—MARSHAL MACMAHON RECEIVING THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE FROM THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR IN THE THRONE-HALL AT THE PALACE OF THE ÉLYSÉE, PARIS.



ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF A DONKEY TO THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GOLDEN LANE COSTERMONGERS' MISSION, LONDON.



THE DINNER IN THE PAVILION—R. H. DANA, JR., RESPONDING TO A TOAST.



THE OLD BUCKMAN TAVERN.



PARSON CLARK'S HOUSE, THE REFUGE OF HANCOCK AND ADAMS.



THE BALL IN THE PAVILION.

MASSACHUSETTS.—THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT LEXINGTON, APRIL 19TH, 1875.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. BLACK, AND SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN AND E. R. MORSE,  
SEE PAGE 138.

## THE LEXINGTON PATRIOTS OF '75,

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

NO Berserk thirst for blood had they;  
No battle-joy was theirs who set  
Against the alien bayonet  
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;  
They loved not strife; they dreaded pain;  
They saw not, what to us is plain,  
That God would make man's wrath His praise.

No scots were they, but simple men;  
Its vast results the future hid;  
The meaning of the work they did  
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

They went where duty seemed to call;  
They scarcely asked the reason why;  
They only knew they could but die;  
And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice,  
Unstained by blood, gave theirs they gave,  
The flowers that blossomed from their grave  
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,  
And shattered slavery's chain as well;  
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,  
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fatal echo is not dumb;  
The nations, listening to its sound,  
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,  
The holier triumphs yet to come—

The bridal time of Law and Love,  
The gladness of the world's release,  
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace  
The eagle nestles with the dove.

## AT HIGH-TIDE.

M. CHARLES LANSING had a mild but decided antipathy against party-going, which antipathy arose principally from his unrivaled awkwardness of behavior. He was a handsome fellow, with head like a Greek god's, set on a magnificent pair of shoulders; his figure was the envy of half the young men among his acquaintance, and yet, when Charlie danced he trod on his partner's toes and tore her train; when he waited on a lady at supper he invariably spilled wine or jelly or chicken over her dress; when he assisted her into a carriage, he allowed her to stumble. Was it any wonder, then, that a party became to him what the stake would be to a possible martyr? But the fates always lying in wait to do mortals mischief prompted him, after a long and happy exile from society, to accept Mrs. Trevor's invitation to the first party of the season, and there he saw Miss Bessie Reeves. Miss Reeves was a tiny blonde beauty with golden hair—rippling, unruly hair always at war with its fastenings—wide-open violet eyes, innocent as a child's, rose-leaf skin, and a mouth whose smiles and dimples played at hide-and-seek constantly. She was dressed in white—the material something thin and gauzy—and Charlie, who had seen several hundred pretty girls in gauzy white dresses without being moved in the least by enthusiasm, pronounced her an angel. Having spent half the evening in following his new idol from room to room, and gazing at her in hopeless admiration, he suddenly mustered courage to beg Mrs. Trevor for an introduction. "The skies are falling," thought that good woman, as she took his arm and set out on a pilgrimage in search of Miss Reeves, politely keeping her surprise out of sight. It was Charlie's intention to emulate the commendable example of the young man in *Punch*, who did not dance but conversed; unfortunately, however, he forgot what to say, so, in desperation, he asked Miss Reeves for the next waltz. He got it, and then wished he had not! so probably did his partner, who disliked making a spectacle of herself, as all Charlie's partners were forced to do. The waltz over, gentlemen flocked to Miss Reeves's side, and poor Charlie was obliged to content himself with holding her bouquet and looking hatred unspeakable at the partings of his rivals' back hair, not an especially agreeable way of passing one's time; yet Charlie, after having in his clumsiest fashion assisted Miss Reeves into her carriage, went home feeling that the evening had been the most delightful he had ever known, and wishing it could have lasted for ever.

"Who is that young man?" asked Papa Reeves, as Charlie disappeared; "he is fine-looking."

"A Mr. Lansing; yes, he is very handsome, but so dreadfully clumsy! I expected every moment to see him tumble down while we were dancing," and Bessie laughed.

Oh, Bessie, would you have spoken so cruelly had you known that he had voted you an angel? I am not certain, but I fear that you would.

The happiest evening of his life, Charlie had said; there was no prophetic instinct to tell him that on the morrow his misery would begin. No; he dreamed of countless hosts of seraphic beings all in white dresses, with golden curls falling upon their shoulders, and when he awoke next morning he took from its hiding-place, a spray of half-withered roses, kissed them rapturously, and then threw himself into an easy-chair at the open window to reflect on his marvelous good fortune.

From thenceforward he devoted all his best energies to the task of making a simpleton of himself—need I say that he succeeded admirably—and was fully as wretched as he deserved to be.

And Bessie? Why, lovers were an old story to her. She had been blessed or punished with them ever since she left off short dresses, and Mr. Charles Lansing, despite his grand head and handsome face, was to her, if appearances proved anything, only one of many. She found leisure to smile on him, to tantalize him, to do everything which was needful to make him hopelessly in love with her; that was Miss Bessie's vocation, and long practice had made her perfect in it; for the rest, when she grew weary of him, she sent him about his business, and devoted herself to victimizing some other unlucky wight. The chances were that, sooner or later, she would become so heartily tired of him as to dismiss him finally and for ever, as she had dozens of others. Such being the state of affairs, common sense should have taught the infatuated Charlie to avoid Miss Bessie; but instead of doing so, common sense threw up the position of confidential adviser and retreated into the background, leaving him to the treacherous counsel of inclination. Inclination told the unhappy moth to go on scorching its wings up to the last moment; so, when Summer came again Charlie meekly followed Miss Bessie's departing footsteps until he reached Waybrook, where she was to remain for the season. Waybrook was a charmingly dull little seaport town, which had fallen asleep more than a generation back, and had never awakened from its slumber—just the place to idle and dream away one's days and grow in love with

life once more—that is, unless you brought along a bundle of thorns to prick you into a state of unpleasant wide-awakeness all the while.

Charlie had brought his; so had a dozen more of Miss Bessie's lovers, whose health and wellbeing had required them to spend a month or two at Waybrook; and, really, between them all, I think that the quaint little village was overstocked with wretchedness. Misery loves company, it is said, but despairing lovers are not very apt to seek one another's society; so Miss Bessie's admirers went their several ways, and told their sorrows to the sands of the sea and the birds of the air, or devised plans for distancing their obnoxious rivals—plans at which Miss Bessie herself would have laughed merrily, could she have heard them.

This exemplary young woman's party consisted of but three people: herself, her father—a portly old gentleman, with a remarkable capacity for going to sleep at all times and in all places—and Mrs. Danby, a weak, drab-colored person, whose existence was passed in crocheting rainbow-colored horrors and reading the *Tauchnitz* novels alternately.

Content to take their ease, Mrs. Danby and Mrs. Reeves left Miss Bessie to her own devices, and, in consequence, she was more heartless and bewitching than ever—indeed, before the Summer had half gone Charlie had elaborated a theory to the effect that Nero and Caligula were myths, intended to illustrate woman's cruelty to hapless man. The theory was a novel one, but I have no doubt that a little digging among the dry bones would discover plenty of evidence in support of it.

Somebody has said that there is no sorrow too deep to be cured by fishing—he did not know Charlie. That unhappy person spent hours leaning over the boat-side, looking into the sparkling water, and wishing himself a guest of the mermaids, while sociable fishes ran away with his hook and line in disgust at his indifference. It is more probable that some of them, while sporting off the coast of New Zealand—hooks in their mouths and yards of line wrapped about their shining bodies—have related to their incredulous brethren the story of Charlie's stupidity, and sneered at him in fishy fashion for it.

The Summer was a glorious one; but what was golden sunlight or purple shadows to our wretched lover? What availed having shortcake or coffee, which would have made a Turk's mouth water, to console him in his sorrow or perplexity? Let me assure you that there is misery great enough to spoil the appetite of a man, even though that man be a square-shouldered person well up to six feet in height. If you do not believe it, insinuate yourself into the confidence of your masculine cousins, and see what they will tell you sitting in the firelight some Winter evening. There were times when Charlie took himself to task savagely for what he termed his folly, and resolved to break the spell which held him to Bessie's side. At such times he avoided her pointedly, and spent the days in roving among the wooded heights back of the town, or pacing backward and forward along the shore quoting "Locksley Hall" to the appreciative billows at his feet. Then, Miss Bessie, divining his intention, would take the first opportunity to bestow on him one of her choicest smiles, or, still worse, a look of reproach from the pleading violet eyes, and he would be, figuratively speaking, at her feet again. Three or four times, impelled by desperate wish to see if he could not pain her, he had tried flirting, and Bessie had looked on with quiet amusement as if she had been watching the awkward gambols of his great Newfoundland, so he abandoned that attempt at retaliation. He was glad to do it, too, for in his secret heart he was mortally afraid that some of the damsels would take him to be in earnest, and compel him to matrimony in spite of himself.

Mothers might have gone on thus till the small queen of hearts was ready to return home, but one day, after Charlie—snubbed more severely than usual—had for the twentieth time resolved to flee from the presence of his tormentor, there came a letter from his partner requesting him to return to the city at his earliest possible opportunity.

"Bravo!" said he, as he laid the letter aside; "at last I shall be free. With one effort I snap the chains which have so long held me, and they will never be forged about me again. The world of New York is a wide one, and there is no danger of my meeting Bessie unless I choose; and I shall not choose!"—this with especial emphasis.

Should he say good-by to her? No; yes? No, again. But the boat would not go until seven o'clock; meanwhile he must put himself beyond the reach of temptation; so, seizing his hat, and whistling the Newfoundland, he started off for a stroll over the hills. By degrees, he worked his way towards the shore, and had set his face homeward, when a sudden cry broke upon his ear. The sound thrilled him from head to foot, for he recognized Bessie's voice.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, looking down to the shore below him. "The tide is coming in, and she must be imprisoned among the rocks, my darling—" He bit off the sentence. His long strides carried him swiftly onward, and in a few moments he skirted a projecting mass of rock, and found himself face to face with Bessie.

"Oh, Charlie, I knew you would come!" she cried, stretching out her hands to him imploringly. His heart beat wildly at the words, the gesture, so full of pleading confidence; but, before he could find words to reply, she was her accustomed self once more.

"I shall be happy to accept of your assistance in getting out of this unpleasant predicament," she said, nonchalantly, as if she had been requesting him for a glass of lemonade.

For once tone and manner failed to do their work—for already a revelation had been made, and Charlie's resolution had been taken.

He looked at her coolly, indifferently, then turned and surveyed the shore along which the treacherous waters were fast creeping, swallowing up sand and rock in their progress.

"I do not think it will be in my power to assist you, Miss Reeves," he said, quietly, stooping to pat the Newfoundland.

"You are gallant in the extreme!" she answered, with a curl of her red lip.

"Thanks; but it is hardly a question of mere gallantry. I could make my way alone, perhaps; but, burdened with you, one or both of us must perish—and even for you I cannot consent to sacrifice my life, which to one woman is infinitely precious. See, the water is already high above the path along which I just came. Send, however, can swim like a fish, I will send him for assistance, and, meanwhile, we will take refuge on yonder projecting shelf of rock. I do not think the tide ever mounts so high as that."

Bessie made no answer, and he busied himself in writing a few lines on an old envelope, which he placed in his pocketbook, afterwards attaching the pocketbook firmly to the Newfoundland's collar.

"Good dog! go to the hotel!" and, with a joyous bark, the animal sprang down into the water.

Charlie watched him for a moment as he gallantly breasted the waves, then turned to aid his companion in reaching the place of refuge. As they gained it he saw that she was shivering, and, tak-

ing off his coat, he wrapped it about her. She thanked him by an inclination of her head, but did not utter a word. How he longed to fold her in his arms, and comfort and encourage her, as if she had been a child! Prudence, however, restrained him, and he contented himself with saying, gently: "There is no real danger, Miss Reeves, and it will not be long before a boat comes to our assistance."

"I should not care were the waves to wash us down," she replied, in a dreary, listless tone.

"Why?" asked Charlie, kindly.

"Because," was the satisfying rejoinder.

"A woman's reason, truly," he answered.

"I do not know that you deserve a better one," she replied, pettishly; and then silence fell between them once more.

Still the waters mounted higher and higher, and Charlie thought, with a shudder, what if he had been mistaken! Suppose the tide should reach them. He would then have sacrificed to his own selfishness this girl whom he so madly loved, and whom he might easily have saved. The thought was too horrible for endurance, and he put his hands over his eyes to shut the waters from his sight.

As he sat thus, Bessie's voice, strangely low and subdued, sounded beside him.

"Mr. Lansing," she said, "do you remember my pearl and turquoise set? I wore it the first evening at Mrs. Trevor's party, I mean?"

"I do," he answered, briefly, thinking of the roses she had worn that evening, and which he still cherished so tenderly.

"Well if—" She stopped, abruptly.

"If what?" he inquired.

"If you are saved, and—and I am not, I would like her—the woman of whom you spoke—to have them. Give them to her, with my love, and tell her that I wish her a great deal of happiness, will you?"

"Nonsense, my child!" answered Charlie, feeling a strange choking in his throat as he spoke. "You must not grow nervous. You will live to wear your jewels a thousand times yet. I thank you, though, for taking so much interest in me—the woman I love, and I hope that you and she may be excellent friends one of these days."

"You love her very much?" interrogated Bessie, slowly.

"More than any paltry words of mine can express—far more than any one, who, like you, has played with hearts as with toys, can guess," answered Charlie, in an earnest tone.

"You think me very heartless, Mr. Lansing?" Bessie asked, wistfully, not looking at him.

"Very!" he replied, with cheerful emphasis.

Another silence, during which Charlie reflected on his brutality, and wondered what punishment would be commensurate with his deservings.

Then suddenly a boat came in sight, and his meditation was ended.

"We are safe now," he said to his trembling companion. There was no reply, and in a moment more she had sunk into his arms, insensible.

Next day, as Charlie was passing through the hall, he met Harry Fuller.

"You know that our star has flown?" said Harry, with mixed metaphor.

"I do not understand you," Charlie replied—he hated Harry with pious fervor.

"That was a poetical way of informing you that Miss Reeves had gone."

"Where? When?" cried Charlie, excitedly.

"Where? to Stockbridge. When? early this morning. I am undecided whether to drown myself or to return to New York. If I were to accept the former alternative, do you think society would be able to endure the anguish of my loss?"

"I have no doubt of it," Charlie answered, with ill-natured candor, as he broke loose from his friend's detaining grasp.

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"I have no doubt of it," Charlie answered, with ill-natured candor, as he broke loose from his friend's detaining grasp.

Next day, as Charlie was passing through the hall, he met Harry Fuller.

"You know that our star has flown?" said Harry, with mixed metaphor.

"I do not understand you," Charlie replied—he hated Harry with pious fervor.

"That was a poetical way of informing you that Miss Reeves had gone."

"Where? When?" cried Charlie, excitedly.

"Where? to Stockbridge. When? early this morning. I am undecided whether to drown myself or to return to New York. If I were to accept the former alternative, do you think society would be able to endure the anguish of my loss?"

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Next day, as Charlie was passing through the hall, he met Harry Fuller.

"You know that our star has flown?" said Harry,

The lanterns in the belfry were agreed upon as the signal to start Paul Revere on his ride.

On the 18th of April, 1875, long before nightfall, thousands of people could be seen hurrying through the streets of Boston in the direction of the Old North Church, and for two hours before the time appointed for the commencement of the exercises of the evening access to the church was almost impossible. A very small proportion of this waiting crowd could expect to gain admission to the church, still every man, woman and child waited patiently for the two lanterns to be hung out upon the steeple as they had been 100 years ago. This did not occur until 7:50 o'clock, at which hour Samuel Plasket Newman, the son of him who, on the night of which this was the centennial, did the same thing, ascended to the belfry and hung out the two lanterns. But he did it to-night under very different auspices. He went through a church crowded with the élite of Boston, filled with triumphant music, and whose old walls were almost wholly concealed by the starry flag, which did not then exist. The son hung out his lanterns greeted by the ringing cheers of the multitude below, and came down to meet the plaudits of the brilliant audience gathered beneath the belfry.

#### THE CELEBRATION AT LEXINGTON.

The celebration at Lexington commenced at sunrise by the firing of one hundred guns, and from that time until late at night the streets of the beautiful village were thronged with people. Carriages, wagons, and conveyances of all descriptions, continued to arrive all day. At noon there were at least 60,000 strangers in the place. The Town Hall and other public buildings were completely covered with flags, banners and mottoes, and from every housetop fluttered at least one American ensign.

On the Common was erected a huge assembly tent. It was 410 feet long and 70 feet wide, with a central wing 150 feet long, and in it at least 4,000 persons found seats. The proceedings were opened as advertised at precisely 10 o'clock. At that hour the scene in the mammoth tent was indeed an impressive one. The interior was decorated with thousands of flags. From the roof, and on every side, were mottoes suggestive of Revolutionary times. Upon a raised platform to the left of the main entrance were seated Thomas M. Stetson, the presiding officer of the celebration; Hon. Charles Hudson, Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., the orators of the occasion, and many distinguished guests. The stage was beautifully ornamented by flags, flowers and growing shrubs. Upon the left was a magnificent palmetto-tree, and on the right a pine. They were intended to symbolize the union which exists between the States of South Carolina and Massachusetts. Above the platform a frame of rough-hewn pine-wood was erected; upon this were hung many interesting mementoes of the Revolutionary War and the Battle of Lexington. Just above the speaker's desk was an old and weather-beaten American flag, showing only twelve stars, and bearing the inscription: "The flag of the good ship *Bon Homme Richard*." This was presented for the occasion by Miss Sarah Stafford, the only surviving relative of Lieutenant Stetson, who served under Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*. Surrounding the flag were placed many old guns and pistols, which did service on the common of Lexington one hundred years ago.

The event of the morning's proceedings was the unveiling of the statues of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. The figure of Adams was placed on a raised marble pedestal. It is of life-size, and said to be an excellent likeness. In the left hand a scroll is held; the right hand is extended. The drapery is in the old Continental fashion. The figure of Hancock, which was placed to the right of the platform, is an almost faultless work of art. It was executed by T. R. Gould, in Florence. The costume is the French court-dress. In the left hand the figure holds an open scroll, upon which is engraved the words: "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. John Hancock."

At the close of the exercises in the pavilion a procession was formed and marched out on the road to Concord, to meet President Grant and party, who spent the morning at the celebration in that place. The line was composed of numerous military companies from Boston and other places, and delegations of citizens from Acton, Bedford, Salem and sixteen other towns in the vicinity. A feature of the procession was the appearance of 100 Minute-men dressed in the old Revolutionary costume. At a point about half a mile from Lexington the Presidential party was met coming from Concord. The Boston Lancers formed an escort surrounding General Grant's carriage, sending outriders forward to break a line through the crowd, which by this time had become so dense as to be almost impenetrable. Accompanying the President was the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements following him, in open carriages, came Postmaster-General Jewell, Secretary of State Fish, Secretary of War Belknap, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, a number of ex-Governors of the State, and many other distinguished visitors. It was three o'clock when the President and his party sat down to the banquet in the tent. The after-dinner speeches were mostly short and brilliant. General Banks, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina, Governor Gaston of Massachusetts, Chief-Justice Gray of Massachusetts, General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, General William F. Bartlett, Elliott C. Cowdin, of New York, and Edward Everett Hale, were the speakers. The speech of Mr. Cowdin was in response to the toast, "The Commerce of the United States," and was an able and interesting tribute to the merchants in the American Revolution.

At 8 P. M. a promenade concert and ball was inaugurated in the grand tent, which was brilliantly illuminated, and with its gay decorations and moving throng presented an enlivening appearance.

During the day the localities in Lexington associated with the events which the celebration commemorated were visited by thousands, and on page 137 we give sketches of some of the most interesting points.

The old Munroe Tavern, located near Munroe Station, was used as Percy's headquarters and hospital for the Regulars on the day of the fight. The old sign, announcing "Entertainment for man and beast" still remains. Robert Munroe was among the slain on the Common on the day of the fight. He had served in the French War, and was Ensign at the capture of Louisburg in 1758. His descendants presented the beautiful flag, of which we gave a sketch in our last Number, used by the Lexington Minute-men at the celebration.

Rev. Jonas Clark's house is the house where Hancock and Adams were staying on the night when Paul Revere rode into the town to warn them of their danger. The house was guarded that night by a squad of eight Minute-men, under Sergeant Munroe. Revere rode up in great haste, and demanded admission. The sergeant objected, and said the family had retired, and must not be disturbed by any noise about the house. "Noise!" cried Revere; "you'll have noise enough here be-

fore long. The Regulars are coming out." His timely warning saved the patriots from capture. A part of the house was built by Rev. John Hancock, in 1698. The present front was added about 1733, by one of his sons. Here the honored pastor died in 1755. His grandson, John Hancock, the distinguished patriot, spent several years of his boyhood here. Rev. Jonas Clark, who succeeded the venerable Hancock, lived in this house during his eventful ministry of fifty-one years. He was the intimate friend of Governor Hancock, whose cousin he married, and many of the other prominent advocates of the cause of the colonies. Many of the meetings and discussions of the early patriots took place in this house.

The old Harrington House was the residence of Jonathan Harrington, who was killed at the fight on the Common. He fell in front of his own house, on the north side of the Common. His wife, who was standing at the window, saw him fall, bleeding at the chest. She ran to meet him. He stretched out his hands towards her, but sank and expired just as he reached his door-step.

The old monument at Lexington stands on the south side of the Common, surrounded by a plain iron fence. It was built in 1799, to the memory of those who fell on this spot.

The Buckman Tavern was built about the year 1690, and was crowded on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, by the Minute-men who took refuge there from the chill morning and awaited the messengers who had been sent out to watch the advance of the Regulars.

#### THE CELEBRATION AT CONCORD.

The Concord celebration was also worthy of the occasion. The old town resounded from end to end with music and the reverberating echo of patriotic cannon, beginning with a salute of one hundred guns at sunrise, one for each year of American liberty. The town truly presented a gay appearance, many of the houses being most handsomely decorated.

The procession started about 10:30 o'clock, and was about two miles long, about six thousand people participating. It passed down Main Street to the Square, and thence over the historic road to the battle-ground, where French's monument of a Minute-man was unveiled, amid the firing of guns. The procession included many military organizations from other States—among them the Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester, N. H.; the Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn.; the Providence (R. I.) Light Infantry Veteran Association, headed by General Burnside; and the Ransom Guards, of St. Albans, Vt.

The procession then returned to the grand tent. The President and other distinguished guests entered, and an address was delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson. A poem was contributed by James Russell Lowell, and an oration by George William Curtis.

At 2 o'clock a banquet was given. After dinner was disposed of, Judge Hoar made an address, and gave as the first regular toast: "The 19th of April, 1775."

In the absence of the President, Speaker Blaine responded in a patriotic speech. "Paul Revere's Ride" was toasted, and a grandson of Revere was called out by Senator Boutwell, responded to a toast, and was followed by Governors Ingalls of Connecticut, Peck of Vermont, and Dingley of Maine. George William Curtis responded for Rhode Island, and General Hawley, for Connecticut. Judge Hoar made an address, and, to close, read a letter by Frederick Douglass, which breathed the true spirit of the occasion. This brought the exercises to a close.

In the evening a grand ball was given in Agricultural Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The President and some of his party made their appearance about half-past ten, and were the centre of attraction. The scene was a very brilliant one. A supper was served at midnight, and the great day, with its crowd and wealth of ceremony, was over.

Concord has also its old landmarks to show, and they attracted their due share of attention. The Manse, the residence during the Revolution of Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson; Wright's Tavern; Elisha Jones's shed and old tree; the graves of British soldiers who fell in the fight; the shop of Reuben Brown, where saddlery and accoutrements were made for the Continentals; the spot where Major Buttrick gave his celebrated order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" are all points of interest; but our limited space forbids giving a detailed account of the associations connected with them. Our artist's sketches present a correct view of them all, and will aid the reader to form an accurate idea of the history of these famous battles.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND THE KING OF ITALY AT VENICE.**—Not any of the numerous imperial and royal meetings of late years have presented such features of interest as the recent visit of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, at Venice. When the Emperor's visit to Italy was first announced, much surprise was expressed at Venice being selected as the place of meeting—the Queen of the Adriatic being anything but a place of pleasant memories to the House of Hapsburg. Curiosity was felt as to how the idea would be liked in Venice, where even so gentle a prince as Maximilian used to be exposed to sullen insolence, and Venetian dames were unwilling to touch even the glove of an Austrian officer in the dance. Sadowa, however, wrought a wonderful change in the fortunes of the City of the Doges, and the wished-for annexation to Italy was in 1866 at length accomplished. Now the Venetians appear to have blotted out the remembrance of those black years; the yellow banners which they used to tear to pieces have been hoisted to welcome the sovereign they abhorred, and Municipality, nobles and populace have vied with each other in doing enthusiastic honor to the guest of their King. No expense was spared, either publicly or privately, in the decorations and illuminations which Venice is so fitted by nature to display, and the whole reception, from the moment the two sovereigns embraced at the railway station, was one continued success. The Venice correspondent of the *Herald*, in his letter published April 21st, vividly describes the scene upon the canal immediately after the meeting of the two monarchs at the station. "Gradually a louder murmur, increasing and drawing nearer, told of the approach of the *cortege*, and the clouds began to clear away, the surface of the canal reflected a bright sun, and as the first royal gondolas rounded the last bend of the canal, the splendor of Italian sunshine broke full upon them. Four royal gondolas cleared the way; following closely behind them were seen advancing, in state, the high gilded bows of the municipal barges, or *bissone*, which formed the special escort of honor. Twelve of these long barges, of different colors, each propelled by eight oarsmen dressed in costumes in harmony with the decorations, formed a circle of honor about the royal gondolas which bore the two monarchs. This group of barges which bore the two monarchs. This group of barges

swept swiftly past like a shining phantom; the water splashed musically, the tinsel decorations rustled in the wind, and from the dazzling confusion of sparkling ornamentation, rich dresses, clouds of banners and ranks of painted oars rising and falling in quick measure, it was difficult to separate the modest black gondola, the nucleus of the galaxy, where the green plume and the white waved side by side. This boat was decorated simply, but with exquisite taste. On each side on the gunwale were blue velvet cushions, with edgings of rich Venetian glass and silken guards held up by silver seahorses. The seat and interior, as well as a large cushion behind the royal personages, supporting the gilded royal crown, was covered with fine blue velvet. Silver figures, beautifully modeled, supported the back of the seat, and the four oarsmen were costumed in jackets of blue velvet and breeches of red plush."

**KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY** completed his seventy-eighth year on March 22d. The usual festivities were held throughout the Empire, and the inevitable banquets and state concerto duly took place at Berlin. Owing to indisposition, however, the Emperor could not hold the usual review, nor even his "gala" reception, as in former years, but he received the congratulations of his statesmen and generals in the "Saloon of Standards and Flags" of the Palace. Foremost among those who pressed to offer their good wishes to their Sovereign was that veteran soldier, the eldest even of Teutonic Marshals—the old companion-at-arms of the Iron Duke (for Wellington also was a Prussian Field-Marshal), Field-Marshal Von Wrangel, who has now attained his ninety-second year. The Emperor thanked his trusted servant, who has contributed so largely to the establishment of the German Empire, and warmly shook his hand. The personages shown in the illustration, beginning at the extreme left, are the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, the Crown-Prince, the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Emperor, Marshal Manteuffel, Field-Marshal Von Wrangel, Prince Reuss, Prince Augustus of Wurtemburg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and Prince Frederick Charles.

**DEPARTURE OF THE CHILD-EMIGRANTS FROM LIVERPOOL.**—A very affecting sight was that witnessed at the Liverpool Quay on March 23d. On that day seventy-one poor little children sailed thence for Canada in the good steamship *Moravian*, of the Allan line. There were boys and there were girls; there were even seven infants. Ten of the boys were under eight years of age, twenty-five over that age; and of the girls, eleven were under eight and eighteen were over. One and all had been clothed and fed at the Liverpool Sheltering Home, an institution well deserving of support. By the superintendent of that excellent charity—Mrs. Birt—the little things were accompanied. Under that lady's charge considerably more than two hundred children have already been taken to Canada and placed in institutions.

**ROMAN FOX-HUNTING.**—When the characteristic English sport of riding to fox-hounds was introduced, under the patronage of the Earl of Chesterfield, some years ago among the Englishmen visiting Rome, the Italians only considered it as another proof that all Englishmen are mad. But as the Roman aristocracy have wealth and leisure, and a good deal of social ambition, they have been led to imitate this foreign example. What was called the "English Hunt" is now the "Roman Hunt"; and many Italians, the ladies as well as the gentlemen, are said to ride well, following close enough and not shirking the formidable fences. Among the members of the hunt are the Crown-Prince Humbert of Italy, the Duke and Duchess of Luchtenberg, Prince Colonna, Prince Doria, the Duke of Grazoli, Duke Brabchi, Marquis Calabriti, and many others. Unfortunately, at the last meet in the Campagna, March 24th, a high "tramontana" wind destroyed the scent, and there was no run. But the day was bright, and the gathering of the gallant company, on horseback and in carriages, offered a gay and lively scene.

**MARSHAL MACMAHON.**—President of the French Republic was invested with the Collar of the Knightly Order of the Fleece of Gold, by the Spanish Ambassador, in the Hall of the Throne at the Palace of the Elysée, in Paris, on the 8th of April. Each collar of the Order has its history, and the one worn by the Marshal was originally worn by the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The late M. Guizot was the first, and M. Thiers is now the only "bourgeois" or untitled knight of this famous Order. Most of its actual members are of royal or princely rank, and as all its original members were of course Catholics and monarchists, it would surprise them were they to come to life and find their honors inherited by the President of a French Republic in one case, and in another still more singular, by Bismarck, a Protestant prince of a new German Empire.

**THE PRESENTATION OF A DONKEY TO LORD SHABSBURY.**—President of the Costers' Club, was a novel and amusing feature of the recent annual meeting of the Golden Lane Costermongers' Mission, in the Foresters' Hall, St. Luke's, London. About four hundred persons, of both sexes, sat down to tea, most of the men wearing blue silk scarves, edged with yellow, and bearing an elaborate embroidered design in crimson and white, representing a lion and a lamb in friendly repose. After tea the company adjourned to a piece of ground outside the hall, where a number of costers' donkeys, well-fed and well-groomed, were on view. After music by the costers' brass band, the assemblage returned to the hall, in which the meeting was held, enlivened by speeches, and by the singing of several hymns which the American revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, have made familiar in London. The event of the evening was the presentation of a donkey by Mr. Carter, Secretary of the Mission, to the Earl of Shabsbury. The animal, a beautiful white creature, was led into the hall, and, amid much cheering and laughter, hoisted bodily upon the platform. The secretary gave the donkey a high character for docility, patience and intelligence, declaring that it could do almost anything but speak.

#### THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

**AFTER** a brief respite, caused by the sickness of Mr. Fullerton, the great trial recommenced on Monday, April 19th. Mr. Beecher was under the cross-examination of Mr. Fullerton during Monday, Tuesday, and the morning session of Wednesday. He was subjected to a sharp fire of questions, and occasionally showed some irritation, but in the main came out of the ordeal with great credit. Mr. S. D. Partridge, the cashier of Woodruff & Robinson, was the next witness. On Thursday, H. O. Armour, a produce merchant of New York, Henry M. Cleveland, a member of the investigating Committee, and James M. Little, M. D., were examined. Mr. Armour was called by the defense to contradict Mr. Moulton's assertion on his cross-examination that he had never threatened any person who was to testify on behalf of the defendant.

Friday's session was mostly taken up with the examination of Mr. Cleveland. At the close of his testimony, Mr. Frank Moulton was called to the stand, and was briefly examined in relation to a conversation alluded to by Mr. Partridge in his evidence. Mr. Partridge was then recalled, and occupied the witness-stand until the adjournment of the Court. The week's proceedings were very dull and uninteresting, and to the uninitiated appeared to throw but little additional light upon the merits of the case. For the first time since the commencement of the trial the court-room, on Friday, was not uncomfortably crowded.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

**CONCORD** and Lexington jubilated on the 19th. . . . A receiver was appointed for the Northern Pacific Railway. . . . The friends of the late John Mitchel held a memorial meeting in the Hippodrome, New York, on the 18th. . . . The dam at Whittier's Pond, at the head of Mill River, Mass., broke down, causing great destruction of mills, bridges and dwellings, but no lives. . . . Sixteen bridges on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad were washed away by the freshets. . . . Tammany Society, New York, elected the regular ticket by a large majority. . . . The Absolute Removal Bill was defeated in the New York Senate. . . . Four Democrats who were ousted from their seats in the Legislature of Louisiana in January last were reseated upon the report of the Committee on elections. . . . The ex-Confederate soldiers having in charge the decoration of graves, May 22d, at Memphis, invited all the Federal soldiers in the vicinity to participate. . . . A fight was reported between the Indians and the adventurous miners at the Black Hills. . . . A procession of 10,000 striking miners marched through Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 17th. . . . An attempt to blow up St. Xavier's Roman Catholic Church at Cincinnati was frustrated. . . . Governor Tilden and his sister, Mrs. Pelton, gave a reception to the Legislature and State officers at Albany. . . . The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held at Washington, D. C. . . . The Woman's Centennial Commission of Boston held its first meeting on the 21st. . . . The trotting stallion Sam Purdy was sold for \$50,000 to C. W. Kellogg, of San Francisco. . . . The Louisiana House of Representatives passed the impeachment resolutions against the State Auditor. . . . Attorney-General Williams tendered his resignation. . . . The statue of General Lee was taken to the Washington-and-Lee University, at Lexington, Va., where it will await the erection of the mausoleum. . . . The railroad war has extended to the South, and reductions in fares are being made. . . . The Removal Bill passed the Senate of New York, but it gives the Senate power to control the action of the Governor's removals. . . . The New York Senate passed the State Inspector of Public Works Bill, as amended by the Committee. . . . Spanish residents of New York celebrated the anniversary of Cervantes' death on the 23d. . . . A conflagration occurred off the New Orleans levee on the 23d, in which three steam-boats were consumed and many lives supposed to have been lost. . . . In spite of the presence of the military, the striking miners of Pennsylvania keep up their raid and attacks on non-strikers.

##### FOREIGN.

**CARDINAL MANNING** was reported very ill. . . . The relation of Belgium to Germany was the subject of discussion in both Houses of the British Parliament. . . . A libel against Dr. Kenealy was dismissed. . . . Three aeronauts who lost their lives in the balloon *Zenith*, during some scientific experiments, were buried at Paris with impressive ceremonies. . . . Fifty-two members of the French Legion of Honor were stricken off the list last year. . . . Ottawa, Canada, will rear a monument to the twenty-two members of the Pacific Railway Survey who have lost their lives in the line of duty. . . . At a dinner given by the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce to M. Chevallier, the French economist, he expressed great admiration at the extraordinary progress made by the United States. . . . It is thought M. Thiers will be elected President of the French Senate. . . . The committee to decide the authorship of the statue of St. John the Baptist discovered at Pisa have credited the work to Michael Angelo. . . . Mgr. Capel congratulated Cardinal Manning upon his elevation to his new rank, at the opening of the Catholic University at Kensington, London. . . . Ten natives of Ixtacalco, Mexico, are on trial for burying three men alive. . . . Planters of the Sierras Calientes resolved to try the experiment of shipping their sugar to the United States. . . . Numerous engagements were reported between Spanish troops and the insurgents in Cuba. . . . The great metropolitan stakes was the event of the 21st, at the Epsom (Eng.) Spring meeting. . . . Dr. Kenealy's motion in the British Parliament, on the Tichborne case, was lost, after a lengthy debate.

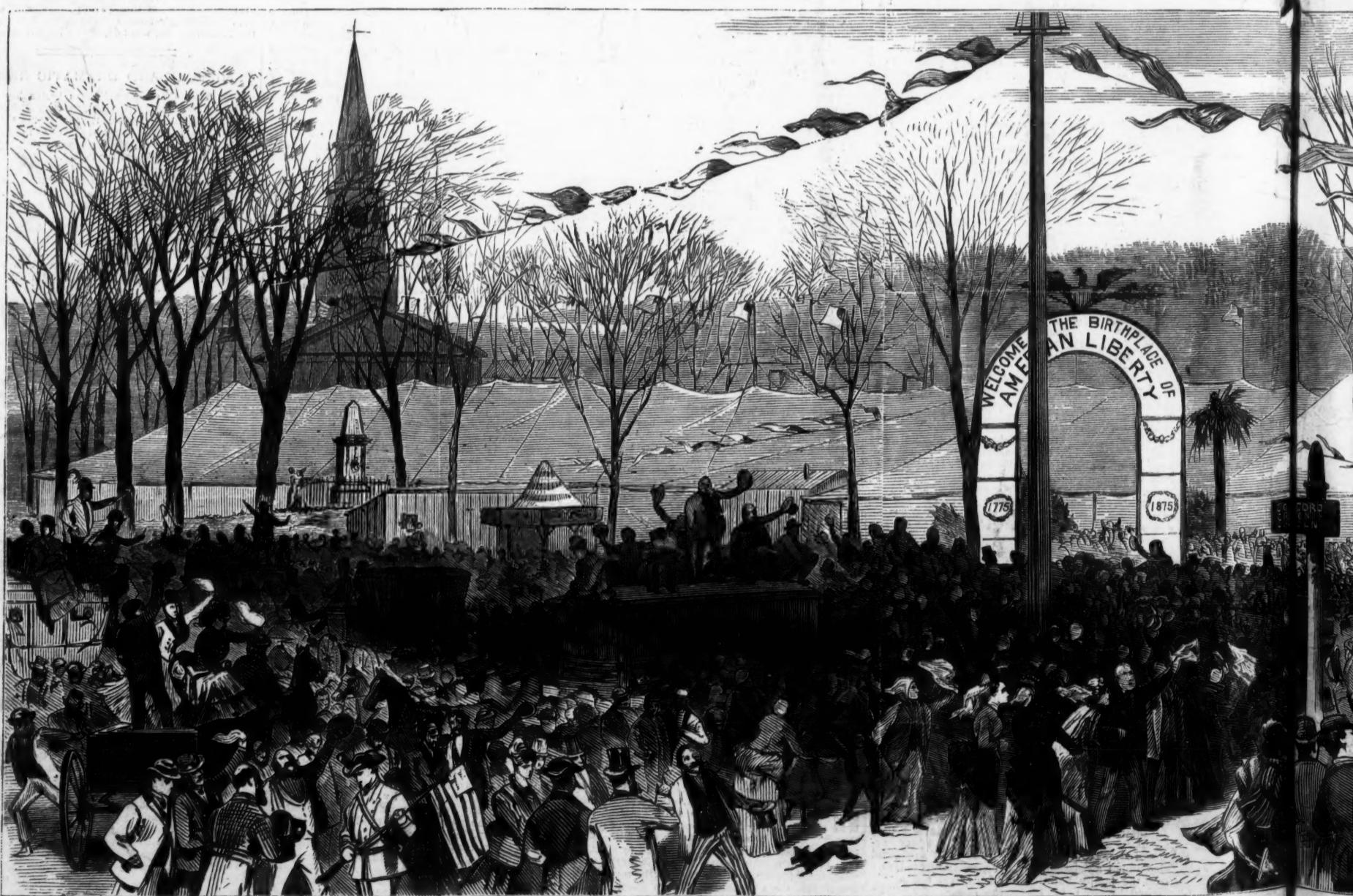
#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

**NEW YORK CITY.**—Miss Neilson begins her engagement at Booth's, April 26th, as *Amy Robart*. . . . Miss Ada Richmonde assumed the title rôle in "Ahmed," at the Grand Opera House, and played to the expiration of the season. . . . Frank Mayo continued his performances as *Davy Crockett* at the Park. . . . The "Two Orphans," at the Union Square, and the "Big Bonanza," at the Fifth Avenue, still draw so well, that no positive announcement of changes can be made. . . . Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer will open their season of floating musical concerts on the *Plymouth Rock*, May 30th. The vessel will have Gilmore's Band, the Madrigal Boys, a chime of bells, a cathedral organ and a chorus of 50 voices, and the audience will be limited to \$3,000 per trip. . . . Robert Goldbeck, the pianist and composer, gave a concert at Steinway Hall on the 25th, the programme consisting, with one exception, of his own works. . . . The Linda Gilbert testimonial concert was given at the Hippodrome, on the 20th, before a fair audience.

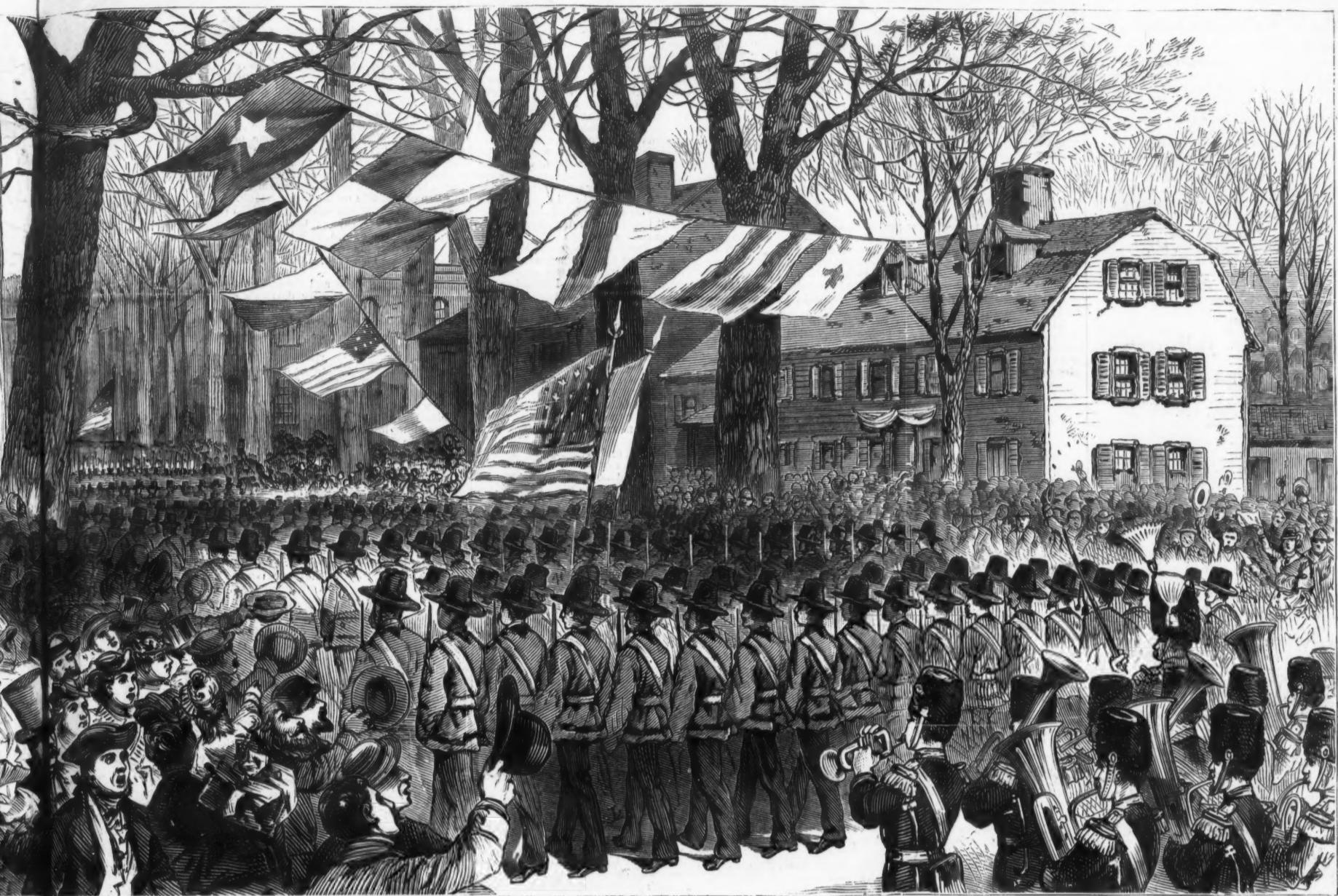
**PROVINCIAL.**—A dramatization of Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days" was produced at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, on the 19th, with Mr. Levick as *Phineas Fogg*. . . . "Girofli-Girofli," with Mlle. Geoffroy in the dual character, opened a season of Opera Bou



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT CONCORD, APRIL 19TH, 1875—THE CIVIC AN-



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT LEXINGTON, APRIL 19TH, 1875—THE SCENE IN LEXING-



1875—THE CIVIC AND MILITARY PROCESSION.—SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN AND E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 138.



THE SCENE IN LEXINGTON COMMON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. LACK, AND SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 138.

## THE RUDE BRIDGE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Sung at Concord, April 19th, 1836.]

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone;  
That memory may their dead redeem  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid time and nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

## Doom of the Albatross.

## A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED).

MISS WYMOND, I understood you had accepted my invitation to remain at the Abbey until to-morrow," said Lady Cecilia, politely but coolly.

"Much obliged to your ladyship, but I will not remain here any longer," responded Miss Wymond, stiffly. "I should not be able to conduct myself with propriety, perhaps"—with another distorted smile and withering glance at George and me—"not being accustomed to take an interest in treachery and deceit, and ingratitude and wickedness," she said, casting about her in vain for more telling epithets.

"Treachery and deceit, Aunt Sophia!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, treachery and deceit," retorted my relative, her color deepening, and her hard, cold eyes quite sparkling, partly addressing her words to Lady Cecilia, partly to no one, as we four stood apart from the others—"I call it nothing better. I think of that girl—of the money that has been laid... on her, the position and income that was offered her, the presents he made her—diamond rings, and twenty guineas for a white silk wedding-dress for her, with the very wedding-cake paid for, and the carpets put down fresh only yesterday for her wedding! I wonder you are not afraid of a judgment falling on you."

The anti-climax almost drew a smile to Lady Cecilia's grave face as my aunt, without further leave-taking, dashed out of the room in a most unceremonious manner. And then the other guests came up and spoke their adieus, not without many curious glances at us.

"We will spare Mr. Allan the recital of the remainder of the story I told you to-night until another time," Lady Cecilia said, serious and kindly. "He has been very ill, and has not recovered his strength yet; besides, he has only just landed after a voyage from Calcutta."

"Certainly—certainly," the men said, heartily; but Miss Mainwaring, being of the genus known as "excellent" and "worthy" amongst spinsters, rather inclined to a suspicion that there was something "incorrect" and "romantic" in the whole proceedings, and therefore communicated a small amount of sternness in her glance, of stiff starchiness to her attitude, and a good deal of primness to her expression, as she said adieu; and then, when they were all gone, Lady Cecilia extended her fair hand in friendliest parting to George.

"Perez will show you to your room, which has been prepared for you," she said. "I am not going to let Gwendoline and you talk any longer to-night."

"I must say good-night to her, then," observed George, with a wistful smile; and then in a lower tone he added, hurriedly and feverishly, "I wish the morning were come. I feel—I feel as if I were parting from you again. That black dress, and those gold ornaments and crimson flowers, remind me so. You are looking just as you were when I saw you last. Do you remember, Gwendoline? My darling, it is the same dear, bright, loving face I have treasured so long!"

He stopped abruptly, put his hand to his neck, as if to search for something, and then the distressed flush, the pained, confused expression, clouded all his face.

"What have I done with it? Let me think. I gave it—I gave it—how—"

"Is this what you are looking for, George?" A narrow black ribbon lay inside the corsage of my dress; from it, hidden carefully from sight, hung a large, flat gold locket.

"I meant to wear it to my dying day; I meant it to lie on my breast in my coffin."

"Yes, yes!" he grasped eagerly at it. Gwendoline, how did it—"

He had opened it; he read his own farewell words to me on the little-folded paper inside.

"Oh, poor Harry Glynne!" he said, the tears filling his eyes. "He was the only one untouched by fever or sickness, strong and hopeful when we all lay dying around him. I gave him my last message to my poor mother and to you, and he—he was taken and I was spared!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am going to exact a promise from you both," Lady Cecilia said, the following morning after breakfast—"a promise that you will do something, or rather leave something undone."

"To hear is to obey," spoke George, with his faint smile.

He looked very ill, wofully ill and wasted, in the clear brilliant morning light; his face had a score of years in those two of suffering body and mind. My heart ached with sorrowful longing to have the right to nurse him back to health and strength. Oh, my George, he looked as if he was only come to me for a very little while, and then to go again whence he could never return!

"You must both make a solemn promise not to go near Grayfriars Lodge for three days, and not then unless I give you leave," she said.

So we promised; and then, as we turned to go out into the Spanish rose-garden, Lady Cecilia said to George:

"Mr. Mainwaring has made an early call on you; he is in the library waiting to see you."

In the multitude of thoughts, questions, hopes, and fears thronging my mind, I did not dwell on the incident of this curiously early call, whilst I sat down in the golden-green shade of the swaying vine-leaves, waiting for George to rouse me; but when

he came I noticed that his pale face was brightly flushed, and there was a strange glad smile in his eyes.

"Gwendoline," he said, briefly, after a short silence, "your friend Lady Cecilia Murray is the warmest-hearted and most generous woman living."

And there, within the shadowy silence of the old garden and its massive walls, clothed with the mighty centurias' growth of ancient vine and fig trees, with the mulberry-leaf shadows flickering in the whispering, sunlit breeze, and dappling the close-cut, velvety sward of the sloping bank which rose up on three sides from the wide pool of the sparkling fountain—there George told me the remainder of the dark story which had followed for him on the doom of the *Albatross*—told it to me with one hideous gap, one lost year and a half out of the sum of his life—nearly seventeen months, during which he lived only in a prolonged and dreary dream—an existence which was not life, vainly struggling in fleeting moments of consciousness even to remember his own name, to remember the name of his home, his loved ones, anything which could rescue him from the dreadful oblivion of insanity, of an hospital ward, of watchful attendants who cared for him only as Number Twenty-one, the occupant of a certain ward and a certain bed in that ward.

At last there came back glimpses of light to the dulled mirror of the mind, even before the hurried visit of Mr. Herbert Glynne's, which had so nearly been a fatal error, and very soon afterwards the almost hopeless patient was pronounced by the surgeon to be giving decided signs of improvement, mentally and bodily.

He recovered soon enough to make a statement of his name, the place of his birth, and the post he had occupied in his profession; but, just at that time the surgeon who had charge of his portion of the hospital met with a dangerous accident and was obliged temporarily to resign. The man who filled his place, knowing little of the patients and caring less—an inefficient and somewhat muddled-headed person—wisely determined not to trouble himself, until such time as it was convenient, with investigating any statements which sane or insane patients might please to make, and for a lengthened period deferred replying to the application of the man whom he knew as Number Twenty-one for his dismissal, fearing to incur any responsibility; until one day Number Twenty-one, now well enough to be permitted to walk in the grounds and look after other patients, saw afar off, glittering in the noon-day sunlight, the sea—the wide, fair expanse of the wave-crested ocean—

"So fresh in its life, so free,  
And never tired out or old!"

and with the sight awoke a passionate delirious longing for the sound, taste, smell of the tossing waves, the old life on the wide bosom of the waters once more.

Two hours afterwards patient Number Twenty-one was missing; four hours later he was standing on the deck of an English brig outward bound for Calcutta, and watching the dark massive form of Table Mountain receding from view against the golden background of the evening sky, and the white flat-roofed houses of Cape Town gleaming faintly at its base.

He had shipped as an A.B., and the commander of the brig *Helvetia*, being somewhat short of hands, seeing that the tall, thin, haggard-looking man, although evidently not in robust health, as he had told him, having only come out of hospital, was a genuine sailor, and no raw recruit, had engaged him for the voyage as far as Calcutta.

He had no money to go as passenger, no clothes, even, but such as he wore; but no question of comfort or privations made him falter; and, weak and often ailing as he was, George worked out his voyage to Calcutta through the fierce heat, chill night-watches, extra duty in drenching squalls and wearisome, fevered, sultry nights.

The men who were his mates were very kind to him, although only to one did George confide his story—perhaps, but for their kindness he might have died! Oh, how I longed to see them, to bless and thank them for their rough brotherly kindness and goodness to him!

He never gave in, but worked on bravely; but when he landed at Calcutta and was paid off, nature succumbed beneath the severe trial of weakened powers, and again he lay between life and death for three weeks in hospital.

Heaven, willing to have mercy on him and on me, raised him up again, and he was discharged from the hospital, restored to partial health, although still too weak to be fit for any employment.

"Try to get back to England," the surgeon said; "you will never get better here, and the rains are just commencing."

He was a stranger in a strange land, too proud to lay himself under heavy obligations to any one; and therefore, although the surgeon, on hearing his name and profession, and, moreover, fully accrediting the strange story he had to tell, generously offered him security for his passage-money home, George declined, and took a berth in the steamship *Celestial*, with a cargo of cotton, Indian hemp, and manufactured goods, as far as Alexandria. There he meant to land, his last coin having been spent in paying for even his cheap passage in a third-rate merchant-vessel. He had suffered for several days from fever also—he almost wished to stay there to die.

But the first hour he went ashore he met a friend.

"Such a good friend—such a generous friend! Gwendoline, my dearest, I know that, however little you may have cared for her in the past, you will love her in the future," he said, smiling.

"Whom?" I asked, amazed.

"Blanche Dyas—Miss Dyas, of Meadham—you know; or I should rather say—"

"Blanche Dyas, George! Are you in earnest?"

"I never was more so in my life," he replied, gravely, looking troubled: "even you will allow that she was generous and good, although I remember, in the one letter in which you mentioned her as living with you, you said you thought her selfish and cold-hearted. Gwendoline, but for her, I should not be beside you now. I had written a letter and sent it by the mail-packet homeward bound—"

He stopped confusedly, and then, after a quick, half-smothered sigh, he continued: "for remittances—a person—I mean—I knew to whom I could apply, but I should possibly have had to wait three weeks and more for an answer. I was penniless, absolutely penniless, Gwendoline—a shabby, wretched-looking scarecrow. I'm not much better now, save for my coat; but if you had seen me then, you would hardly have recognized me. But she recognized me in a moment, heaven bless her! Dressed elegantly as she was, and leaning on her husband's arm—"

"Her husband?" I ejaculated.

"Yes, dear," said George, looking rather amused. "You've no longer anything to fear from her, even though I am such a perfect Adonis. But let me tell you how she saw and recognized me. I was standing in the shadow of an hotel portico, and she and her husband were passing out. She dropped a little velvet purse at my feet. I hurried after her with it, and recognizing me in a moment, I burst out involuntarily: 'Miss Dyas!' And then I

said, 'I beg your pardon.' But after the first startled look, she recognized me, and shook hands with me in the heartiest, kindest manner, told her husband who I was, and, though he, good old gentleman—"

"Old, George?"

"Yes, quite elderly, gray-haired, jolly-looking old fellow—not a slim young Adonis;" and the first hearty laugh I had heard from George's lips echoed through the silence of the Spanish rose-garden. "Let me get on, dearest, or I shall never have done. Although Mr. Gage—that is his respectable name—he is a tolerably rich coffee and indigo merchant—was rather overwhelmed at his charming young wife having such a scarecrow acquaintance, he made no opposition, and asked me into the hotel to lunch with them, and listened with the greatest interest to my whole story. She cried, Gwendoline—she actually did, poor little thing—and spoke of you so affectionately!"

"Well, George?" I said, rather dazedly, scarcely knowing what I was saying.

"And then, when luncheon was over, Mr. Gage took me aside, and, in the kindest manner, insisted on my acceptance of a loan of fifty pounds—it was his wife's wish as well as his, he said—I should grieve him if I refused."

"Well, George?"

George looked rather surprised at my stolid face.

"Well, dear," he said, impressively, "I felt their generous kindness so deeply at such a time, when I was utterly forlorn, that I accepted it with my best thanks; and the very next morning they came on board the steamer to see me off with the friendliest farewells and good wishes, and here I am! But for them, but for her goodness, I should not have arrived for weeks to come, perhaps—perhaps never—indeed, perhaps never!" he repeated, in a low, bitter tone.

"Then," I said, slowly, and my lips were dry and would scarcely form the words, "you might not have come for weeks—and—and—George, did any one know you were coming home?"

"Yes, one," he replied, in a lower tone than mine.

"George, he knew!"

"He must have known more than a week ago. Oh, Gwendoline, say no more! It is too bitter to me to endure to think of his treachery!"

"And but for Blanche—oh, heaven bless her, I say too! May she be forgiven for the past, and blessed for the future, since—"

"Forgiven for the past, Gwendoline?"

And then, as it was necessary, reluctantly I told him how false and fatal a friendship that had been between his mother and the father of Blanche Dyas, the *soi-disant* heiress.

"But, George, beneath all her falsehood and selfishness there must have been a sense of right and a leaven of womanly tenderness."

"There must have been," he said sorrowfully; "it is hard to think of her as less than the good angel she was to me in my hour of extremity."

"And only as that good angel will I ever remember her," I rejoined, earnestly.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THREE days afterwards, as I was leaving my room one morning for a walk before breakfast, in the dewy sunlit gardens, perhaps with George, if he should have come out also, Maddalena met me and addressed me, as I took up my sun-hat, and debated whether I had not better call Louise before I went out. The room I occupied was one in the west wing, quite apart from Lady Cecilia's rooms, and next to the apartment occupied by Louise, who by Lady Cecilia's invitation had arrived at the Abbey on the evening before.

"My lady begs that you will come to her dressing-room, madame."

"My lady," in her dressing-room, was attired at that early hour—scarcely nine o'clock—in splendid dress of rustling silvery mauve silk, clouded with fine cobweb-like black lace, and had flowers and jewels in her hair and dress.

All my luggage and belongings had arrived from Wymondstone, and, as Lady Cecilia had asked me to permit Maddalena to look over my entire wardrobe, two or three trunks stood open in the room, and on one side lay, on chairs, two shining silk robes—one a very rich and handsomely-made snowy-white silk, stiff with elaborate trimmings, heavy folds of crisp white satin, and wreaths of orange-blossoms—the achievement of a first-rate fashionable modiste—the other a simple Quakerish dress of pure, pearly gray, plainly made, lying in long, unadorned folds across the carpet.

"Which will you wear?" said Lady Cecilia.

"Is it—is it to-day?" I faltered, flushing, and then growing deadly white. "I never knew!"

"Yes—it is to-day. Everything is in readiness; decide between these dresses, Gwendoline."

"Does George know?" I persisted.

"He does," Lady Cecilia smiled, and Maddalena's black eye sparkled with something like merriment. "For the third time, cara, I beg you to decide between these bridal robes."

"This one—this one!" I said hurriedly, snatching up the pearly gray dress. "It's old-fashioned now, but I don't care. I love it, for I bought it and made it myself!"

For the dress was the bridal robe I had fashioned with weary fingers, fevered with hopes and fears in that darksome, dreadful Summer three years ago.

That other costly, superb West End production possessed neither fond interest nor sad and tender memories. I hated its formal splendor and self-asserting rustling fashion and elegance. I hated it for its purchaser's sake.

Maddalena arranged my hair in loose and graceful fashion, and laid over the dark shining tresses a coronet of orange-blossom—the real, beautiful, fragile waxen buds and flowers, wreathed fresh from the branch they grew on—and then arrayed me in my simple pearl-colored gown.

Then Lady Cecilia came forward and flung over my wreathed hair and simple dress the snowy gossamer folds of a magnificent lace veil, fit for a princess to wear.

"That is my wedding-gift to you, my dear Gwendoline," she said, softly—"that, and those pearls."

"Lady Cecilia," I returned, troubled, "you are too lavishly generous. You have decked me in splendor, as if I were a lady of rank and fashion; and remember, he—my George—is poor. My darling is a poor sailor, and—"

"And I want to see how different a poor sailor's wife in her bridal attire will look from a lady of rank and fashion," retorted Lady Cecilia with good-humored sarcasm. "Take up your gloves and bouquet and come. Do you know you are keeping your 'poor sailor' waiting?"

To us in the library, as we waited, there entered Louise, in a perfect whirlwind of blue silk and white lace. Some one had dressed her, and arranged her pale, faded hair in a neat and pretty *chevelure*; she was flushed, radiant, smiling, and looked as pretty as a wasted, lined, fair face of forty-three could look.

"Oh, Gwendoline, dear," she whispered, excitedly, "you've no idea how beautifully the girl did my hair! I've twenty-five hair-pins in! Oh, Gwendoline, how pale you are; and so is George! Doesn't my hair look lovely?"

"I don't know," answered George, gravely, "for I am not quite sure whether I am asleep or awake myself."

There was an addition to the dining-room furniture in the shape of a large massive dining-table: and this, very handsomely set out with snowy damask, silver, glass and choice flowers, was laid for ten persons.

"Let us go up-stairs, George, and see what is there," I said, quite calmly; for the sight of the Sleeping Beauty and all her father's court would have scarcely surprised me now. "I shall not feel astonished if we come to the roomful of pearls and roomful of emeralds and roomful of diamonds, as adventurers investigating enchanted castles in fairy tales always do."

The doors of all the rooms stood wide open, and into the principal one—the large front bedroom—I went. But I was no sooner inside than I rushed out again.

"George, this house is enchanted; I know it is!" I gasped. "There's the same furniture here that was in my bedroom at the Abbey—the very same; and that was the same as the furniture that I had here, only far richer and more costly. Don't go in, George!"

"Nonsense, dear!" said George, with calm, masculine superiority, coolly opening the door I had banged behind me. "Well, a very handsome and elegantly furnished room it is, love, and of course, in this, as in everything else, Lady Cecilia has striven to remember your tastes and give you the greatest pleasure possible. She must have been very often here, dear, when you lived in the house, to be so familiar with the arrangement of everything."

"George," said I, a little awe-stricken in spite of myself still, "that is the extraordinary part of it; whilst I lived here she was never in the house but once, and then only in the drawing-room. And how on earth did she know this room was furnished in blue? How did she know there was a *précieuse* chair here in blue velvet, and—and what are these?"

On the dark-polished walnut of the great oval mirror stand lay two letters—one in a very large, legal-looking envelope, addressed to "George Allan, Esq." and one in the small, shining, ivory-lined envelope Lady Cecilia always used, addressed to "Mrs. Allan."

I paused for a moment in a little bewilderment, wondering who was "Mrs. Allan," and then, opening it, read Lady Cecilia's message, to tell me that she expected George and me to play host and hostess this evening to herself and seven other guests; but that, if we would graciously promise her this concession of our presence, we need take no further thought, as servants would come down from the Abbey to bring all that was needful, to cook and wait at table. Amused and delighted at this pleasant *finale* which she had planned so admirably to conclude the first day in our new home, I was poring over the kind, gracious letter, so like its writer, when I was startled by seeing George standing near the window with his letter open in his hand. A letter? Surely not—those huge, thick, snow-white sheets, covered with pale, clear, large, calligraphy.

"George, what is that?" I ejaculated, and then, recollecting myself and wifely decorum, I added, "I beg your pardon, dear."

"Look at it, Gwendoline," he said, smiling, but strangely agitated.

He might well say "Look at it;" that was all I could do. As to understanding what were its meaning and purport, although I could perceive that it was written in fair English characters, that would have been far beyond my power even had I been in a calm and discerning frame of mind, which I was not.

"What is it, George?" I repeated, pushing it away.

My husband drew me close to him, and opened the mysterious document; within it was a note from Lady Cecilia, as I could perceive.

"It is her marriage present to me, Gwendoline—a deed of gift of the house known as Grayfriars Lodge and lands thereto appertaining—to me and my direct heirs for ever, failing which, after my death, and that of my wife, Gwendoline Wymond, it reverts to the possession of the owner of the then owner of the estate of the Abbey of Grayfriars. My Gwendoline, this is to be our home while life lasts—our home, and perhaps our children's home, for ever. May heaven be praised and thanked for its goodness!"

"Let us kneel down to offer thanks, George," I said; and side by side we whom He had joined together knelt, and our sweet wedded home and our fair bridal chamber were sanctified by our prayers and thanksgivings to our Father in heaven.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### THE NEWLY DISCOVERED GOLD AND SILVER MINES IN COLORADO.

##### THE SAN JUAN DISTRICT.

THE San Juan mines proper are located within an area of about thirty miles square, on the head of the Animas River and tributaries, which takes its rise in Southwestern Colorado, flows south, and empties into the San Juan River. The district has hardly begun to be developed, but appears to be unmistakably rich in mineral resources, as over one thousand claims were located during the past Winter. Nature has guarded well her treasures here, placing them in a remote mountainous district, encircled by natural barriers of lofty snow-clad peaks. The mountains rise abruptly to a height of 4,000 feet above the narrow valleys, and possess more of the elements of grandeur than those of any other section in Colorado.

Howardville, the first capital town, is located at the junction of Cunningham Creek with Animas River. It was laid out by a party of adventurous miners who crossed the Range in the dead of Winter, on snow-shoes, and was named in honor of the man who erected the first cabin. The view is looking up Cunningham Gulch towards the Pass, with Galena Mountain on the left. Arasta Gulch, on the left bank of the Animas River, midway between Howardville and Baker's Park, is a mere *cul-de-sac* of about three miles in length. The famous Little Giant Gold Mine, which was the first discovery, is located here, as well as some of the richest silver mines yet developed. The ore of the Little Giant is *rapidoite*, and is said to average \$500 to the ton. Specimens are found showing pure gold. The Little Giant Company were the first to bring in machinery, a labor of fifty-eight days, from Del Norte, in the season of 1872. Baker's Park, on the Animas River, five miles below Howardville, is the site of Silverton, the county seat of La Plata County, and is located on the right bank of the river, between Cement and Mineral Creeks. Its elevation is upwards of 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. Smelting works and saw-mills were erected last Winter, those of Green & Co. being shown in the foreground, with Kendall Mountain on the left, and the Sultan and Grand Turk Mountains on the right.

#### JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

A old lady came up to the office Wednesday. She was worn and tired from climbing the winding stairs, and she sank almost breathless into the waste-basket, putting the poems and stories it contained to the only press they will ever know. There was a troubled, anxious look on her face, a pair of green spectacles on her nose, and a general air of sorrow and exhaustion about her that appealed at once to our tenderest feeling. The feelings answered the appeal, and stepped respectfully forward. After the aged female recovered her breath, she asked:

"Is there a lawyer's office in this buildin'?"

We answered in the affirmative, but were sorry to say that the legal gentleman was out of town.

"Out of town, eh? Well, I s'pose I'll have to find some other lawyer. I kem in town a purpose to have this thing fixed up; an' I ain't a-goin' back until I know whether there is any law an' ekity in this country."

We ventured to remind the dame that lawing was a losing business in the end, and should be resorted to only in the most aggravated cases.

"Aggregated cases!" she screeched, and the manuscript in the basket rattled violently. "Young man, it is the most aggregated case you ever heerd on. You ken never know the anguish of a mother's heart when her only darter goes astray an' follers after false idols."

"Your daughter has had trouble, then?"

"No; it's me what's havin' the trouble; but she's a-causin' it—she an' that tarnal sheep-faced preacher."

"Ah! a minister in the case! I think I understand. Such things are becoming too common, alas! too frequent. The cloth is being brought into disrepute by scoundrels who 'steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.' Poor girl!"

"Pore nothin'! She's a brazen hussy to go back on her mother's teachin'. Lord knows I've tried to raise her right."

"But you must consider, my good woman, that your daughter has had peculiar temptations. You must make allowance for the fact that the tempter came to her in holy garb, imposing upon her confidence in the assumed character of a spiritual adviser, silencing the voice of her conscience with cunningly-chosen Scriptural quotations. You must not be severe on her."

"Well, Hanner, was a 'bedient girl till he kem foolin' around. He kem to the house purty often, but I didn't s'pose nothin' was wrong till a week ago, when Hanner tolle me. Then I guv him a mighty big piece of my mind."

"He denied it, of course?"

"No, he didn't. He said he had did his dooty as a Christian. An' his congregation are all tickled over it, an' that's what makes me bile."

"Why, that is an aggravated case. That he should be guilty of such a thing is bad enough; but that he should call it the performance of a duty is worse; and that his congregation should uphold him in such vile practices is beyond belief!"

"Well, it's so, an' I want to get a lawyer to issuo a conjunction or injunction or somethin' to stop it."

"I fear there is no legal redress, unless it is a matter of very recent occurrence. A bill has passed the Legislature, governing such cases, but it won't work backwards."

"What is in that bill?" asked the old lady, her face lighting up with new hope.

"It makes it obligatory upon the man to either marry the woman, or support the chi—"

"What!" shrieked the woman, springing up with a suddenness that sent the basket of unacknowledged genius half-way across the room. "You barrel-headed idiot! My gal ain't no such fool as that! You editors think you're mighty smart, an' you're allus a-sposin' things wusser'n they are. I've been a lifelong Methodist, an' I've tried to raise my darter in the same faith, but that tarnal 'Piscolayne preacher has got her to 'gree to jine his church. I'm her nateral garjene, an' I ain't a-goin' to 'low her to do it. Ef she can't git along with the same religion her mother's got, she sha'n't have any. That's the whole case, an' there ain't no marryin', nur s'portin', nur Beecherin' in it."

From the way the old lady bumped along down the stairs, we fear she was unduly agitated.

We shall never jump at another conclusion—no, not if it should lie within an inch of our nose, and pointed proofs were pressing against us on each side and behind.

#### A MINER'S NERVE.

A incident occurred on a recent trip which I made over the Union Pacific, which may be of interest to your readers, as it was at one time of uncommon interest to me. We were rolling along between Salt Lake and Omaha when I made my way into the smoking-car, to enjoy a cigar. I noticed a group gathered in the centre of the car, and crowding my way up, found two men gambling; one was a well-dressed man, but bearing the general appearance of a blackleg; the other was a veritable miner, just as he came from the mountains, with long grizzled beard, rough, coarse and dirty clothes, but with lots of gold. The play was for quite large stakes, and I heard whispers that the gambler was about to fleece the miner, and much sympathy was manifested for him.

The game—draw-poker—still went on with hardly a word spoken by the players, till finally, when a large sum was on the board, the gambler being called to show his hand, threw down three aces and two queens, and reached for the money; the miner stretched over and held his hand and laid down two aces, showing, of course, five aces in the pack. He then reached back and drew a large navy revolver, cocked it, placed the muzzle directly between the eyes of the gambler, still holding his hand. Not a word was spoken, but each looked steadily into the eyes of the other. Soon the hand began quietly to move from the money, the form of the gambler to draw back, and still the revolver followed. He stepped into the aisle, and here the scene became so uninteresting to me and several others that we dropped under the seats. The gambler slowly backed towards the door, with the revolver following till the door was reached and he passed out. The miner coolly let down the hammer of his revolver, replaced it in his pocket, swept the money from the board into his pouch, quietly lighted his pipe, and settled back in his seat as if nothing had happened. The strangest part of the whole business was that not a word was spoken from the time the gambler laid his three aces on the board till he passed out the car-door.

I took a seat near ther miner afterwards, and chatted with him about his experiences in the mountains, and he seemed pleasant and intelligent. We did not refer to his little episode with the blackleg.

I have never witnessed such a thrilling scene, or one in which such extreme coolness was manifested by the miner, and, for that matter, by the gambler.

—Correspondence Youngstown (O.) Register and Tribune.

QUERY: If they were to pass a prohibitory law in Illinois, could Beveridge continue to be the Governor?

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

KARL MAUCH, the celebrated African traveler, is supposed to be in a dying condition at Blanbeureu, having been fatally injured by a fall.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT has begun its annual distribution of 5,000 plants of the Eucalyptus, or fever tree, for cultivation in the Agro Romano.

THE FIRST MEETING of the Governors of the London School of Medicine for Women occurred March 22d. Twenty women students attended the lectures of the Winter.

A RARE CANAL PROJECT has been formed by which it is hoped to connect the mouth of the African river Bettia, on the Atlantic, with the northern bend of the Niger at Timbuctoo, a distance of 740 miles.

ALGERIA is CULTIVATING the tobacco plant with much success, the soil and climate being uncommonly favorable. Last year over nine millions of pounds were produced, and passed through the State warehouses.

AT THE MEETING of the Council of the British Social Science Association which will be held at Brighton in October next, there will be an exhibition of appliances and apparatus relating to the sanitary and educational systems.

M. LEVERRIER will propose, at the Congress of French Meteorologists to be held in Paris this month, to experiment on a large scale for the purpose of testing the efficacy of smoke in preventing young plants from being damaged by the frosty mornings so common in April.

NEAR CORTIL-NOIRMONT (Belgium) two old tombs have lately been investigated; they have the shape of mounds, and were called "the Roman tombs" by the people. In one of them many human bones were found, rusty iron weapons, and many small bronze coins, unfortunately not well preserved. In the other there were only the remains of one human skeleton, but besides this a highly ornamental glass bottle, several large bronze vases, a lamp of the same material, two silver and two gold coins, and relief cut into rock crystal and representing a lizard. The coins are of the times of the Emperors Nerva and Hadrianus.

PROFESSOR N. S. SHALER, of Boston, asserts that there is not a single survey in this country which does not need to be done over again, and Mr. Boyden, who joined with other scientists in petitioning the Legislature of Massachusetts to authorize a new survey of the State, very justly stated that, "in the cultivation of orchards, garden vegetables, and things of that sort, upon which we as a people depend a great deal, we have to contend continually with insects; if we could learn, therefore, the facts about the insects that are found in this State; if we knew how they were generated, how they grow, and what they feed on, we might do a great deal towards saving a large part of the crops that are now destroyed by them."

It is a matter of much importance that each State should at once undertake a survey of its own territory; a survey thorough in its scope, and minute in detail. Europe is now agitated over the Colorado beetle, or potato-bug, and besides this insect, it has received from this country the phylloxera, an insect more destructive to vineyards. And if the *Kolnische Zeitung* is correctly informed, a third pest has been imported, the blood-louse, a creature that is the special enemy of the apple-tree. As a practical remedy against this unwelcome guest, it is recommended to paint the young trees with naphtha and lime-water. With larger trees, of course, this is impossible; but it is said that during Winter a thin lime paste is placed in a circle round the tree where it comes out of the ground, the ova of the blood-louse are then completely destroyed. This is but a single instance in which science, acting upon the results of new surveys, can establish an antidote for the evils, and cause in time their complete annihilation.

#### FUN.

The only suits that last longer than you want them are law-suits.

THEY wondered at the short collections in a Missouri church, and investigated to find that one of the collectors had tar in the top of his hat.

"LORD, make us truly thankful for what we are about to receive—these biscuits ain't fitten for a dog to eat," is the way a certain Monroe (La.) man asks a blessing.

A TRAVELER called for mint-sauce at a hotel the other day, and the waiter said that they had none, adding: "Our cook makes all the mince into pies, not sauce."

A CHICAGO man thinks that the worst speller ought to get the dictionary, and the winner should have a "wreath of sorrel, or some other garden-sass, like them Greeks."

A LITTLE four-year-old woke up very early one morning, and seeing the full moon from the window, innocently remarked: "I should think it was about time for Dod to take that moon in."

NOW THAT Treasurer Spinner has resigned, his auto-graph will not be in such great demand. We shall miss that engraving of a bunch of eels on the right-hand corner of our greenbacks, but as long as we don't miss the greenbacks we shall try to worry along without it.

A YOUNGSTER, while warming his hands over the kitchen-fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go away from the stove; the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent, demurely replied: "I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands."

A CITIZEN who met an old acquaintance on the street recently, asked why he wore a weed on his hat. "For my poor wife, who has passed over the river," was the melancholy reply. "Well, can't she come back—arent the ferry-boats running?" was the surprised query. The man had to explain that he did not refer to the North River.

A KROKUK man held a neighbor's wife in his lap while she did up his hair in curl-papers. The husband attended the funeral, and when the minister had finished speaking he stepped up to the holy man and said, in a low, sweet voice: "I didn't mind him so much, because there wasn't no harm in him now; but—I thought as things was goin' from bad to worse, and—I wanted to give them preacher chaps a warnin'."

AN Aberdeenshire laird, who kept a very good poultry-yard, strangely enough could not command a fresh egg for his breakfast. One day, however, he met his grove's wife going towards the market, and, very suspiciously, with a nice basket. On passing and speaking a word, he discovered the basket was full of white eggs. Next time he talked with his grove he said to him: "James, I like you very well, and I think you serve me faithfully, but I cannot say I admire your wife." To which the cool reply was: "Oh, deed, sir, I'm not surprised at that, for I dinnae muckle admire her myself!"

A LADY, whose extravagance bore rather hard on her husband's purse, was one day taken to task by him for her want of economy. "I know what you say is true," replied the repentant belle; but what shall I do to reduce our expenses?" "Why, my dear," replied the husband, delighted with her submission, "you ride a great deal; why not take an omnibus occasionally instead of a cab? That will save something surely." The wife agreed; and as soon as her husband was gone, she rang for her maid. "Mary, call me a cab, that I may get to the omnibus to go to the city. I must economize."

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRESIDENT STEARNS of Amherst College goes to Europe in June.

MINISTER ORTH will retain Mr. Delaplaine as Secretary of the American Legation at Vienna.

MR. MOTLEY's health has so far recovered as to enable him to resume his historical writing.

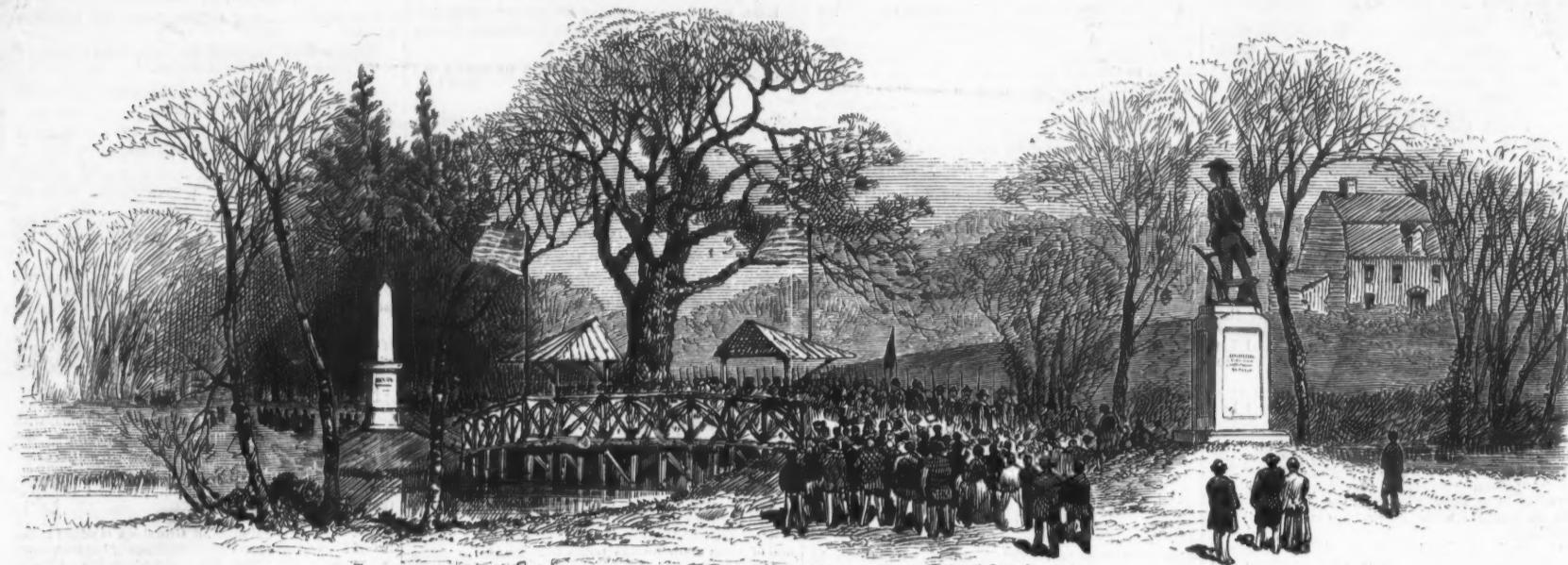
SECRETARY FISH has rented his Summer residence, and will spend a portion of the season abroad.

POWERS has completed his busts of Agassiz, Whittier and Adams, and has begun work on one of Judge Webster.

DANIEL WEBSTER's library, which has remained untouched in the old homestead at Marshfield since his death, is now to be sold.

GENERAL JOHN COCHRANE has presented Hamilton College, of which he is a graduate, with an elegant shell, for the Summer intercollegiate rowing contest.

THE KHEDIVE has appointed Dr. Cornelius F. Brown, of Niles, Mich., Surgeon General of the Egyptian Army, with an annual salary of \$7,000 gold, house, servants, etc.



SITE OF THE BATTLE AT CONCORD—THE PROCESSION CROSSING THE SOUTH BRIDGE.



ELISHA JONES'S SHED AND OLD TREE.



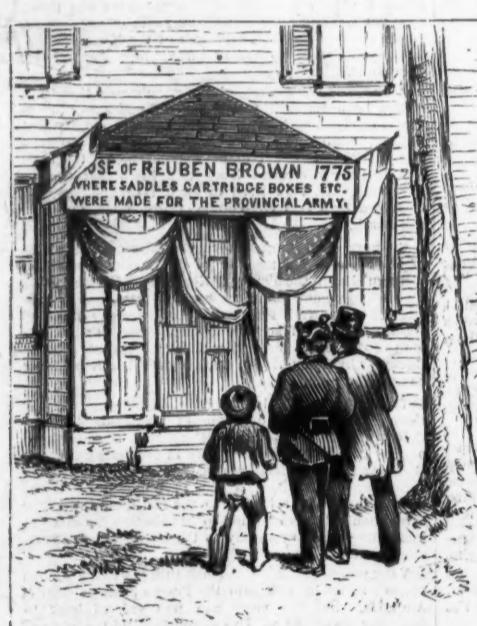
Paul Revere



GRAVE OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.



MAJ. BUTTRICK'S COMMAND TO THE MINUTE-MEN.



REUBEN BROWN'S SHOP.



THE ACTON MINUTE-MEN ON THE WAY TO THE BRIDGE.



WRIGHT'S TAVERN-DOOR.



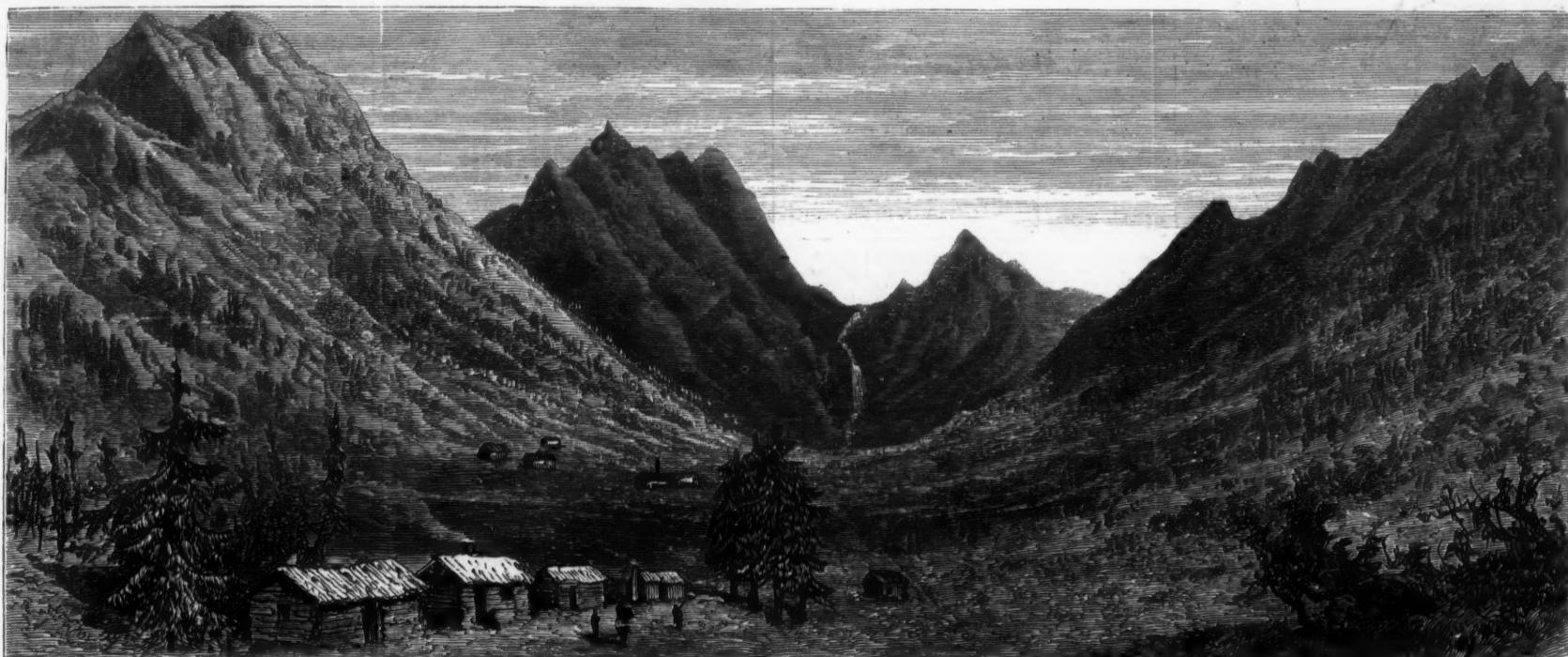
THE "OLD MANSE," WHERE REV. WILLIAM EMERSON, GRANDFATHER OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, RESIDED, APRIL 19TH, 1775.



MERRIAM'S CORNER, ON THE ROAD TO LEXINGTON.



BAKER'S PARK AND SILVERTON, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE ANIMAS RIVER, BETWEEN CEMENT AND MINERAL CREEKS.



ARASTA GULCH, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE ANIMAS RIVER.

CUNNINGHAM GULCH, LOOKING TOWARDS THE PASS, WITH GALENA MOUNTAIN ON THE LEFT.  
THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY, COLORADO.—SKETCHED BY JOHN A. RANDOLPH.—SEE PAGE 143.

## "KINGS OF BUSINESS."

[From Parton's Lectures.]

The great masters of business have no mysteries, no cunning tricks. They simply serve the public with great skill and systematic fidelity. That is all their cunning.

Mr. A. T. Stewart once held language something like this in conversation with a friend:

"People come to me and ask me what is the secret of my success in business. Why, I have no secret. I tell them my business has been a *matter of principle* from the start. If the *Golden Rule* can be incorporated into purely commercial affairs, it has been done in this establishment, where every customer is treated precisely as the seller himself would like to be treated were he a customer. What I mean is this: first of all, nothing is misrepresented and no faults are concealed. Then the price is fixed, once for all, at the lowest possible figure."

"Finally, neither the circumstances of the buyer nor the magnitude of his purchase are suffered to influence the salesmen in his conduct or demeanor. In our dealings with employees the same principle of justice is adhered to."

"After a pause, Mr. Stewart added:

"Of course I don't speak of this as deserving of praise. We find it absolutely necessary. An establishment like this could not be conducted for any length of time in any other way. The one thing which we cannot afford is a violation of principle."

"In the whole world I do not believe there can be found one business of forty years' standing which is not founded on the same principle of giving a good dollar's worth for a dollar."

## DON'T HACK, HACK! COUGH, COUGH!

Cough is a symptom by which various diseased conditions of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs manifest themselves. But whether it arises from the irritation produced in the throat and larynx by taking cold, from an attack of Bronchitis, from incipient Consumption, or from various other causes, nothing will allay it more speedily or cure it more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not matter whether it be a recent attack or a lingering cough, the Discovery is in either case equally well adapted for its relief and permanent cure. In fact, it will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. No time should be lost in commencing the use of a pr per medicine for the relief of a cough, for unless this course is pursued, serious and dangerous disease of the lungs is liable to result. Golden Medical Discovery is sold by all dealers in medicines.

We refer our readers to the advertisement of the *Family Journal*, found in another column. The immense success attending the publication of this journal, of itself speaks volumes in commendation of the character of the paper, and of the enterprise and ability of its publishers. Although still in its infancy, not having yet seen its second birthday, it has already attained a circulation of over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND, and is steadily increasing, and we do not hesitate to predict that this youthful aspirant for popular favor is bound to take rank among the first and best journals in our country.

DR. WILLIAM OSOGOO PAGE, an old and experienced physician and surgeon, residing at No. 265 Fourth Avenue, suffered intensely with pain in his left knee, the result of an injury received on the Hudson River Railroad several years ago. He consulted the most eminent men in the profession without relief. *Giles' Liniment Iodide of Ammonia* effected a complete cure.

## ELECTRICITY THE GREATEST BOON:

Paoli's Electro-Voltaic Chain Belt, the wonderful scientific discovery, effects permanent cures of Chronic Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, etc., etc. Electricity is life! Paoli's Belt gives a continuous current of electricity to the body, restoring the vital forces, and curing nervous debility and a general exhaustion. The most eminent physicians use and recommend them. What sufferer who values his life will not try this great Therapeutic agent and live? For Circulars and Testimonials address, PAOLI BELT COMPANY, 12 Union Square, New York.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromes and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalethoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

The Metallic Butter Package Co. The most economical package ever offered to the trade. Circulars sent free, and all information given upon application to L. A. RILEY, Secretary, 150 Chambers St., N. Y.

Keep your Bird in Health and Song by using Singer's PATENT Gravel Paper. For sale by all druggists and bird and cage-dealers.

In Purchasing a Parlor Organ, buyers have a choice in a number of reliable instruments from different makers. GEZEE'S SCHOOL FOR THE PARLOR ORGAN has the reputation of being the best instructor, earned by its merit. Teachers everywhere use and endorse it. Sent by mail for \$2.50. Lee & Walker, Publishers, Philadelphia.

10 Beautiful Decalcomania, or Transfer Pictures, with full instructions and catalogue postpaid for 10 cts. 100 for 50 cts. Easily transferred. Heads, Landscapes, Flowers, Birds, etc. Agents wanted. J. L. PATTEN & Co., 71 Pine Street, New York.

Successful Speculating in Stocks.—The most remarkable instance of making money from a small start is before us. A gentleman invested \$106.25 through Messrs. Tumbridge & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall Street, N. Y., who bought him a Call on 100 shares of Union Pacific, on which he made \$2,200 profit. This firm have a prominent banking office at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. Parties wishing to speculate will find it to their advantage to address them.

Ladies.—Two cut paper patterns of any style of Mine. Harris' make will be sent to those subscribing for THE YOUNG LADIES' FASHION JOURNAL. It has all the latest styles, with excellent reading. The JOURNAL will be sent every month, free of postage, for one year on receipt of 36 cents. Send stamp for copy. Patterns of any article and of the latest style sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents each. MME. HARRIS, 75 Broadway, N. Y.

## A Harmless

And most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, meen, fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

A Valuable and Important Letter from Rev. Dr. Deems, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers.

NO. 4 WINTHROP PLACE, NEW YORK.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to the favorable notice of my personal friends Dr. E. B. Lighthill, a physician whom I am able to recommend for unusual skill, from the success with which he has treated a daughter of mine. When I placed her under his treatment she was suffering from catarrh in an obstinate form, which had progressed so far as to injure her whole constitution. Dr. Lighthill succeeded not only in effecting a radical and permanent cure of the catarrh, but also in restoring her health completely.

Finding in my Pastoral work how widespread catarrhal affections are, it has occurred to me that it is a simple Christian duty to give Dr. Lighthill this statement, trusting that he may use it so as to make others know where they may have skill and attention, which I do not believe can be surpassed in the present state of medical science in this department.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

Dr. LIGHTHILL receives patients from 9 to 3 at his OFFICE, No. 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

To Purify the Country, and Cleanse it of its Corruption, needs some more potent agency than the mere exposure of rings, and the appointment of honest men to office. Nothing will effect this end but a liberal use of SAPOLIO.

Foolishly Spent, money paid for children's shoes not protected by SILVER TIPS. Two weeks is about the time it takes a smart, active child to ventilate the toe of a shoe. SILVER TIPS the only preventive.

Remember CABLE SCREW WIRE boots and Shoes have no nails or pegs sticking through the bottom to prick the feet or wear the stocking.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE, Blackheads or Fleasworms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medi-ic, or consult DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York.

PERFECTION! BOKER'S BITTERS. Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

LAMBREQUINS, WINDOW CURTAINS AND PARLOR DECORATIONS, of Pavay's Japanese Patent Felted Fabrics, in 250 different patterns and of every color. One of the inventions.

Elegance, Durability, and Cheapness combined. Brocades, Damasks and Reps Outrivalled.

A. & C. KAUFMANN, Sole Agents for the United States, 366 Broadway, New York.

Send for Circular, and please mention that you saw this advertisement in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

SKIN DISEASES. A CURE GUARANTEED. State your case and send, with 25 cents, to DR. VAN DYKE, No. 1321 Green Street, Philadelphia.

Allen's Planet Jr. Silver Medal. HAND DRILLS and WHEEL HOGS. THESE new styles. They "look like a charm," and are better, easier, and six times faster than the hand hoe. S. L. ALLEN & CO., Mrs. 119 S. 4th St., Phila., Pa. Circulars free. A LIVE AGENT WANTED in every town.

YOU MAY LOOK from three to ten years younger than you are (AND GAIN FLESH) by acting upon my simple prescription. Have had unexampled success throughout Europe. Remit twenty-five cents to D. L. LEST, Cleveland, Ohio.

Large assortment of new and exquisite designs in made-up Lace Articles, Sleeveless Jackets, etc.

FRENCH CHIP HATS AND BONNETS. Trimmed in the most artistic and latest style.

Misses', Children's & Infants' Trimmed Hats. In GREAT VARIETY. Magnificent and unequalled stock of STRAW GOODS!

Will open Monday, 30 cases NEW CHIP HATS—the very latest novelties in Black, White, Brown, and Tan Drab, in all the new Parisian shades. Special Novelties in

LADIES' TIES. The Largest Retail Assortment in the City.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN RIBBONS. SASH RIBBONS, 7, 8 and 9 inch, in all the new shades.

Flowers, Feathers, Wreaths, Montures, Garlands, In great variety.

LACE DEPARTMENT. Large assortment of new and exquisite designs in made-up Lace Articles, Sleeveless Jackets, etc.

Rufflings at all prices. Embroideries—Great variety of patterns, at very low prices. Kid Gloves—Choice assortment of Kids and all the new Spring shades.

Misses', Children's and Infants' Dresses. In all the Latest Designs.

O'NEILL'S, 327 and 329 Sixth Avenue and 103 West Twentieth Street.

RICHARD W. FROST, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST-CLASS

Furniture of Every Description, Patent Bureau and Wardrobe Bedsteads \$25.00 and Upwards.

Furniture repaired, varnished and reupholstered. Steamboats, Hotels and Public Buildings furnished at the shortest notice. All Goods purchased of my house guaranteed as represented.

No. 112 FOURTH AVE., Bet. 10th & 12th Sts., New York.

HARRIS'S "P. P." LIQUORS.

RE-DISTILLED in Vacuo at 85 Fahrenheit, and thus rendered absolutely free from *Fusel Oil* Acids and all Impurities, gives no headache, causes no nausea, creates no craving, no dryness of tongue or throat, but stimulates and cheers without unduly exciting the brain or nervous system. No traveler should be without a flask! No other Liquors should be used, either for medicinal or convivial purposes. The OLIVER & HARRIS COMPANY for Rectifying House, 641 Hudson St., N. Y.

Also in London, England; and Paris, France.

## CARPET DEPARTMENT.

## TAPESTRY BRUSSELS

At \$1.10 per Yard.

## 5-Frame

## ENGLISH BRUSSELS

In Exquisite Designs and Colorings.

At \$1.75 per Yard.

## NOW OPEN,

An Extensive Assortment of

## AXMINSTER,

ROYAL WILTON,

BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY.

PRIVATE DESIGNS IN

FRENCH MOQUETTES and TOURNAI VELVETS,

AXMINSTER, AUBUSSON AND SMYRNA

## CARPETS

In one piece.

Also, a Splendid Stock of NEW & CHOICE PATTERNS

IN

English and American Oil Cloths,

Fresh Canton Mattings,

Etc., Etc.

BROADWAY, CORNER NINETEENTH STREET.

Ladies', Misses' and Infants'

## OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

Have now in stock full lines of

French Wrappers,

Dressing Sacques and Skirts,

Paris-made Pique Garments for Misses and Children,

Infants' Imported Robes, Aprons, etc.

Also a Splendid Line of

French Undergarments, etc.,

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

Infants' and Wedding Outfits to Order at Short Notice.

BROADWAY, CORNER NINETEENTH STREET.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!

## NOVELTY PRINTING PRESS.

For Professional and Amateur Printers, Schools, Societies, Manufacturers, Merchants, and others. It is the BEST ever invented. \$13,000 in use. Ten styles. Prices from \$5.00 to \$150.00. BENJ. O. WOODS & CO. Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Printing Material, Send stamp for Catalogue.

49 Federal St. Boston.

Amateur Workers in

## FANCY WOODS

Can be supplied with the following HARD and RARE WOODS, planed ready for use, in 1/8, 3/16, 1/4, 3/8-inch and upwards; Cast to accompany orders. Rosewood, Satinwood, Holly, Walnut, Mahogany, Ebony, Red and White Cedar, Bird's eye Maple, etc.

Geo. W. Read & Co., 186 to 200 Lewis St., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.

Orders by mail will have prompt and careful attention. Inclose stamp for Catalogue and Price-list.

TYPE. Type put up expressly for Amateur Printers by the New England Type Foundry, 105 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Send stamp for specimen book.

KELLEY BROS., Agents, 53 Nassau St., N. Y.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY. Wiesemann's Pocket Telegraphic Instrument, with full instructions for learning Telegraphy, sent to any address on receipt of 25¢.

DESMOND & CO., 915 Race St., Philadelphia.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY. Wiesemann's Pocket Telegraphic Instrument, with full instructions for learning Telegraphy, sent to any address on receipt of 25¢.

KELLEY BROS., Agents, 53 Nassau St., N. Y.

127 Little Giant Tack Hammer

Sold in One Day by an Agent.

Send 25¢ for a sample, mailed free

with full particulars of fast-moving Novelties of merit, to the manufacturer, G. J. CAPEWELL, Cheshire, Conn.

Photographic Portraits taken all sizes. Copying of all kinds done at reduced prices. 256 Bowery.

HOW 'TIS DONE, OR THE SECRET OUT.

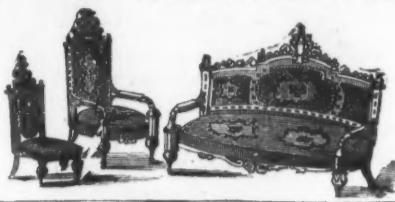
Mustache and Whiskers in forty two days. This GREAT SECRET and 100 others; Gambler's Tricks, Cardiology, Ventriloquism, all in the Original Book of WONDERS. Mailed for 25 cts. Address, D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Ill.

S10. A day. Employment for all. Patent Novelties. Largest Stationery Package in the World mailed for 15 cts. G. L. FELTON & Co. 119 Nassau St. N. Y.

SEND 25CTS.

**DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,**  
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,  
(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF



PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM  
FURNITURE,  
Mattresses, Spring-Beds,  
Etc., Etc.

Of any House in the United States, which they offer to  
Retail at Wholesale prices.

### FLORISTS.

### SEEDS AND PLANTS.

**C. C.** The True Cape Cod Cranberry, best sold for Upland, Low-C. land or Garden, by mail prepaid, \$1 per 100, \$5 per 1,000. All the New Choice Strawberries and Peaches. A Priced Catalogue of these and all Fruits. Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Shrubs, Bulbs, Roses, Plants, etc., and FRESH FLOWER and GARDEN SEEDS, the choicest collection in the country, with all novelties, will be sent gratis to any plain address. 25 sorts of either Flower, Garden, Tree, Fruit, Evergreen, or Herb Seeds, for \$1.00, sent by mail, prepaid. **WHOLESALE CATALOGUE TO THE TRADE.** Agents Wanted,

**B. M. WATSON,** Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

### BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES,

STRONG POT PLANTS, sent safely by mail, post-paid. Five Splendid Varieties \$1.00; 12 do. \$2.00. Elegant Descriptive Catalogue FREE.

**THE DINGE & CONARD CO.**, Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

### ROSES

Fine ever-blooming and other roses sent safely by mail post paid everywhere, and their safe arrival guaranteed. 6 for \$1; 14 for \$2. A splendid premium rose with each package when a ten cent is added. A large collection of Bedding Plants, Shrubbery, etc. Catalogue free to all. Address, JOSEPH T. PHILLIPS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

**THE FLORENCE Sewing-Machine Co., FLORENCE, MASS.,**

Desire to introduce their new and improved Machine into those towns where there is now no agency for their sale. To this end they offer special inducements to CLUBS or SINGLE PURCHASES. Send to above address for circulars.

The Florence is unequalled for simplicity, beauty, durability and serviceableness. It is the only machine with a reversible feed, and the only one that gives the purchaser the choice of sewing in any direction.

Our Florence Sewing Machines have been used constantly in families and shops for twelve years without requiring repairs, doing good work all the time.

**PORTABLE SODA FOUNTAINS,** \$40, \$50, \$75, and \$100. GOOD, DURABLE & CHEAP. SHIPPED READY FOR USE. Manufactured by **CHAPMAN & CO., Madison, Ind.** Send for Catalogue.

**MULTUM IN PARVO.**

ELLIS'S PATENT NEEDLE THREADER, THREAD CUTTER, and SEAM RIPPER for the Sewing Machine, is simple, practical, and valuable. By mail, 25c. and 3c. stamp, or with half a doz. best Standard Needles, 5c. and stamp. Agents wanted.

**H. A. ELLIS, Box 342, Springfield, Mass.**

**HAVANA LOTTERY.**

450,000 Dollars distributed in prizes every 17 days.

1 Prize of..... \$100,000  
1 Prize of..... 50,000  
1 Prize of..... 25,000  
1 Prize of..... 10,000  
2 Prizes each of \$5,000..... 10,000  
10 Prizes each of \$1,000..... 10,000  
760 other prizes amounting to..... 245,000

Circulars of information furnished free. Orders filled, Prizes cashed. Spanish Bank Bills, Doubloons and Government Securities purchased.

**TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 11 Wall St., N. Y.**

**EMPIRE LAUNDRY,** 339 to 343 East 53d Street. BRANCH OFFICE: 42 University Place, cor. 11th Street, and 345 4th Ave.

Gents' and Family Linen, Lace Curtains, Laces, Blankets, Window Shades, Crumb and Dancing Cloths, and every description of Laundry Work. Collars and Cuffs equal to Troy Work.

**Goods Called for and Delivered.**

**Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge** Clears the System of Worms—Removes the cause—No Taste, no Smell. Price, 25 cents. 409 Greenwich Street.

**FREE** circulars of our new Chromos and twenty other salable novelties for Agents. Sample, 10c. **ROE & SIMPSON, 105 John Street, N. Y.**

**SHOT-GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS & REVOLVERS,** Of any and every kind. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address **Great Western Gun and Revolver Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

**MAN MURDERED** and identified. How! you say, send stamp for illustrated Catalogue. Boston Hand Lamp Co., Boston, Mass.

**"GEM SEGAR PIPE"** (Pat.) a perfect-looking Segar, Chromos and NEW Novelties. Large Product. **SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortlandt St., N. Y.**

## ALL WHO WISH TO MAKE MONEY! Male or Female AGENTS!

NOW IS YOUR TIME! READ EVERY WORD!  
You can Make a Fortune at Home

BY TAKING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR

## THE FAMILY JOURNAL,

*The Cheapest Literary, Art and Fashion Paper in America!*



**Mrs. B.—Oh, Henry!** see what I made during one day, taking subscribers among my friends for THE FAMILY JOURNAL. It is warranted 12 cent gold, a good timekeeper, and worth \$60.

The FAMILY JOURNAL is an 8 page paper, size of the New York Ledger, and each number contains 40 columns of the choicest reading matter, by the best writers of the day, besides one page of Illustrated Fashions in advance of all other publications, all for only \$1.00 a year, postage-paid, with either of the following premiums:

The pair of "TWIN'S ASLEEP and TWINS AWAKE," size 9x11, mounted ready to frame, or the "UNWELCOME VISITOR," 16x20, "ANNA'S PETS," 16x21, "HEEL AND TOE," 20x24, and "GRANDPA'S WATCH," 21x24, or the Engraving of "HORAC'S GREELY AND FAMILY," 21x28; or \$1.50 yearly with the magnificent Chromo, "CONSECRATION," 20x24, or the four beautiful Fruit Chromos—Basket of Strawberries, Peach and Pear, Peaches and Saffron, Apples and Pears, all 16x24, or the size of the Journal, \$1.50. CONSECRATION is a large and magnificent chromo, printed in twenty-two colors. It is chaste and beautiful, and the skillful execution has done justice to the beautiful design. As a proof of the value of this new and superb premium, the Publishers may state that a leading dealer in chromos offered to purchase two thousand copies at \$4.00 each, with a view to place it on the market at \$10.00, a price its intrinsic worth and beauty would readily command.

We send all the above Chromos neatly arranged with oil cloth cover with samples of the JOURNAL, Blanks, Circulars, etc., including the FAMILY JOURNAL one year for \$2.00. Each Outfit contains 12 Chromos that would retail for \$2.50 at New York prices. Any Lady or Gentleman cannot fail in making from \$100 to \$200 monthly.

As an additional inducement, we give \$50,000 in Cash, and other premiums to encourage our Agents and Subscribers to work in the interest of the JOURNAL. We are determined to make one of the *cheapest* paper of the United States, and its circulation, value of contents, and the low price at which it is given to subscribers. For the first few years we intend all the profits of the paper to go to those who are helping us to build it up.

Many of our agents only devote their evenings or spare time to taking subscriptions to the JOURNAL. If you are so situated that you cannot devote your whole time to the business, take the outfit and solicit subscriptions during your leisure hours. Thus per os who have not their time engaged can procure from 100 to 500 subscribers without interfering with their other duties, thus making many dollars, if not hundreds, in a very short space of time. We feel warranted in saying that ladies or gentlemen who may devote their whole time and attention to canvassing for the FAMILY JOURNAL are reasonably certain of a snug income, of from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year. If you wish to make money you can become an agent where you reside.

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